

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM, AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

No. 3995.- VOL CXLVII

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1915.

SIXPENCE.

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FIGHTING A GERMAN ALBATROSS: A BRITISH OBSERVER USING AN AUTOMATIC GUN AGAINST THE ENEMY AEROPLANE DURING A MID-AIR DUEL—FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER WHO TOOK PART IN THE FIGHT.

If the reader were with the observer, or gunner, in a British aeroplane in action with a German aeroplane of the familiar "Albatross" type, he would see just what the illustration shows. The weapon used is a Lewis automatic gun. What looks like a circular horizontal cog-wheel on top is the drum of bullets feeding the gun. Expended cartridge-

cases are seen dropping in a rapid stream from the ejector-pipe beneath, as fast as the shots are fired. The gunner's right hand, below, manipulates the trigger-grip; his left hand, above, holds the spade-grip, controlling the piece and its aim. Below is seen a loaded spare drum, ready for fixing in place.

DRAWN BY A. FORRESTIER FROM A SKETCH BY A BRITISH OBSERVER. COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

THE DIARY OF A BOMBING OFFICER.

WE give here an exceptionally "human" extract from a diary kept by a Bombing Officer. It is interesting to compare it with the Psychological Study of the Bomber, by Mr. W. Douglas Newton, which appears on another page of this issue.

19. 0'clock.—Post my first party.
19.20 0'clock.—Rain.
19.30 0'clock.—Post second party; getting dark.
19.40 0'clock.—Set up a catapult; hope therewith to "strafe" a sniper who has taken up position 170 yards in front of our lines, and is shooting at intervals with effect.
19.45 0'clock.—Star shells begin; men over the way put a machine-gun on us; keep quite flat and quiet.
19.50.—All quiet; move on again; notice that my Sergeant is shivering violently and looks very bad. Afraid his nerve is going.
20.—Post third party; rather dangerous. German working party close by, should judge about 25 yards away; several star shells; machine-gun opens fire on us; one of my men hit through arm; our machine-gun now replying over our heads.
20.15.—Quiet again; wounded merchant comes back with me; hand him over to stretcher-bearer; move on.
20.30.—All my parties posted, now on extreme L flank of a battalion on my battalion's left; much rain, much curse; meet an O.C. Coy., nice lad, gives me soup and thanks me for sending my men; much refreshed; start back alone, rather nervy work! Visit my parties 4, 5 and 6; nothing to report; these 3 parties 120 yards in front of our trenches, acting as covering party to some of our working parties; star shells now continuous.
22. 0'clock.—Visit third party; report they have bombed opposition away.
22.15.—Visit catapult; Mr. Sniper very busy; send 3 ball bombs at him, Mr. S., does not reply; send 2 men further out to look around.
23.—Return, very wet and bit tired; get some tea and lie down.
24. (midnight).—Telephone message asking me to go to another battalion at once; no sleep intended for me to-night, evidently!
2. 0'clock.—Return; apparently the only thing the Colonel wanted was to say "Good-night"; curse in English, French and Hindustani (learnt last from our Major—it is a beautiful effort!); now wet through, lie down again.
2.30.—Message from Bde. H.Q. asking me why reports not sent in; reply that reports were sent in about seven hours previously. Good old telephone!
3.—Message from second party saying we got Mr. Sniper all right and that they have collected several bits; good!
3-4.30.—Stand to arms.
5.—Return and sleep to 7.
7.30.—Get some breakfast; rain ceased, but trenches in an awful state.
8.30.—Prepare for bed; boots and puttees off.
8.35.—Message to go to Bde. H.Q. at once; very tired and three miles each way.
10.—Arrive H.Q. and, while waiting for General, the Staff Captain sends me some hot coffee, biscuits, fruit, and Abdullas! How the great ones do live!
11.30.—Receive instructions from the General, also that I am to be relieved this afternoon and go to ———, a place 30 miles behind firing-line, to-morrow to look at some German bombs. When am I going to get some rest?
13.30 0'clock.—Return and have grub. Colonel says I am to go to dug-out and sleep; must censor my men's letters first.
15-16.—Sleep.
16.—No relief yet; issue orders for the night's work; write reports; issue rations; post arrives!
16.30.—Retire to dug-out; leave one of my N.C.O.'s with instructions to prevent anyone disturbing me. Six letters from home, also soup tablets and two papers; *bon!* read each letter through twice and one three times. Wonder if the people at home realise what letters from home mean to us in trenches; saw a man cry the other day because there was nothing for him.
16.30-17.30.—Heavy bombardment; our guns reply; some shrapnel arrives in dug-out.
18.—No relief yet; inspect men and post them as on previous night; no rain, but intervals of shelling; man killed next to me; have 3 other near escapes; notice a grave with name and initial similar to mine inscribed on cross; bit depressing, but feel that the coincidence of two men with same name being killed in same place quite impossible!
23.—No relief yet; presume he cannot come; go to dug-out and sleep.
1.30 a.m.—Message that relief has arrived; curse him and he curses me.
1.45 a.m.—Raining; have a W. and S. and start off to billets; trenches in a dreadful state; a general and hearty "strafe" going on; much hate about to-night!
3.15 a.m.—Arrive billet, lie on floor, sleep at once.
6.15 a.m.—Get up, wash, shave, etc.; meet other officers detailed for same expedition ordered for the day.
8 a.m.—Start on 8-mile walk to catch the 'bus.
10 a.m.—Meet 'bus, one of the old London 'buses which used to run round Chelsea; several other officers aboard.
12.30 p.m.—Arrive destination, having been refreshed en route by some sleep and several potatoes, the latter having been brought by the careful thinkers; report to H.Q.: the smart Staff

officers, who never walk and seldom get within five miles of trenches, look annoyed when they see my muddy clothes.

13. 0'clock.—Attend the lecture; lecturer does not know much about bombs, so we help him out; he is duly grateful; note that the German bombs on view not as good as our makes.
15.—Lecture over, have a shampoo and do some shopping; have a gigantic tea and meet several men from Divisions just arrived; we exchange "chat"; am pleased to hear that everyone in England is apparently making shells—presume it is a hobby or the latest fashion, but hope it won't die out!
17.—Return journey commences, the Scotch and Irish officers on board most entertaining but noisy; sleep impossible.
21.—Reach billets, get some grub and sleep.
5.15 a.m.—Get up and leave for trenches.
6.45 a.m.—Arrive trenches, meet my relief, have breakfast together and discuss things; no casualties to my men, but Sergeant sent away, nerves completely gone.
7.30-10.30 a.m.—Write reports, letters, etc., and sleep.
13.—Lunch, meet Colonel; says I must get more sleep, orders me to dug-out.
18.—Feel quite fit, parade men, send them to same posts as before.
18.30.—Meet ———, who complains bitterly against the Hun who makes nightly excursions to cut his wire; cannot apparently find out how they cross land between trenches.
18.40.—Think furiously.
19. 0'clock.—Contrive a little scheme which may frustrate the Hun and his wire-cutting expeditions; send for my servant and three of my best men.
19.30.—Get some grub, the soup tablets excellent; Hun sweeping our parapet with machine-gun fire; he always does at this particular hour—amuses him and doesn't harm us!
20.—Issue orders to servant and three men; as the work is going to be a bit risky, make each man repeat his own individual orders to me; everything satisfactory.
20.30.—Arrive at sap-head containing my first party; very dark and much machine-gun fire; get out of saphead and crawl up an old trench towards enemy lines, find good cover, also many "deadens" of various nationalities; feel sick, am sick.
20.40.—"The Crater" blown up by mine; immense machine-gun fire from both sides going on over my head; feel intensely frightened.
20.45.—"Crater" blown up again twice in quick succession, cannot tell by whom; covered with shower of earth and a man's hand mashes my coat a bit; feel less frightened.
20.50.—Many star shells; spot a party of 8 Huns 30 yards up trench; servant arrives as ordered after certain lapse of time; send him back, as two are more easily seen than one. Get my bombs ready and revolver handy; lie still and wait events.
20.55.—One Hun leaves party and crawls into shell hole 20 yards on my left and close to our wire; presume that is the route chosen each night for the wire-cutting. Hun leaves shell hole and crawls towards me (don't like it!); star shell reveals remainder of party crawling up trench (like it still less!); throw bomb at party; it nicely explodes right amongst them, I imagine, from the cursing; have a pot with revolver at single Hun who disappears into shell hole; shout for my men; unnoticed Hun on my right fires at me about 4 yards away, just misses my Sunday hat, and feel bullet go through my leg (thank goodness I was lying down!); my servant opens fire; too dangerous for my men to go on to see if we can capture an enemy or so, as both sides keeping up heavy machine-gun fire. Crawl back to the sap-head, bleeding like a stuck pig.
21.5 0'clock.—Go down sap and get into trench. Medical Officer arrives, but have already been iodined, bound up, and have a morphia tablet under tongue; feel very thirsty; get on to a sling stretcher and start back to dressing-station.
22.25.—Arrive dressing-station after continuous and general cursing; leg frequently banded and lose much blood; don't feel very fit; ask for W. and S. as a change from water, which I have consumed in vast quantities; W. and S. arrives, the smallest I've ever had; reminds me of a Government raton; feel rather bad. M.O. injects something, feel drowsy, but am told must not sleep until I reach ambulance-station; am bound up by M.O. and, after rest, start off again, when I have sent in my report (verbal) to C.O.
1. 0'clock.—Arrive at ambulance; bad time going down trench; very slow business; am very sick off and on for some hours; afraid have spoilt one of stretcher-bearers' uniforms; met a working party going up a trench; their passing did not add to anyone's enjoyment! Enormous thirst.
1.30.—Motor-ambulance arrives.
1.40.—Arrive station, after another injection; am allowed to go to sleep; bad night.
8.—Have breakfast.
8.15.—Return of ditto.
12.20.—Motor to ambulance H.Q.; am undressed, washed, wound re-dressed; feel really bad.
13.—Sent to ———, where I stay for 2 days and then on to ———; feel nearly a "goner" on arrival at latter after 30 hours' railway journey averaging 4 mile per hour; go to 2 other places and finally arrive in England; quite unable to describe my feelings. I know I wept copiously, safe from all strife! Nerves all gone to bits.

SAUNTERS AMONG BOOKS.

BY RICHARD KING.

FROM the Turmoil of the Trivial—which, for the most part, is everyday life—Good Lord deliver us! Thus the Litany of Youth. Thus also the Litany of Age—though Age has discovered that the most thrilling adventures happen in dreams over the fireside. But Youth is notoriously discontented; and in the imagination of the discontented everything seems to happen—at other times and to other people. It is the result of Life-Force stirring in the heart of those born into a middle-aged world searching for its vital energy amid the promises of patent medicines. This middle-aged world dislikes the Heralds of a new Heaven and Earth. Heralds always make a noise, and noise is always disturbing. Besides, the middle-aged world is what it is, because Things *are* what they *Are*—and only a fool would quarrel with the means of his success. But Youth is always on the side of the Big Explosives—and what is the good of an explosion if it does not blow up something? That is the reason why one generation will rarely understand the ideas of another—and *never* agree with them. This also is the reason why the young are invariably so unhappy. A Happy Youth is one of the pleasant day-dreams of Age middle-nodding its head over the fire. The Young know that they are discontented and dull. Have they not every reason to be? Do they not realise exactly what is wrong with the world? And if they have not been born to put it right—for what other reason are they here? Life otherwise is one long dead-level, as unexciting as a Dutch painting and with none of its poetry. So they spend their years hitting their heads against the bars of their cage until such a moment when they realise at last that, in a fight against the world, it is just as well to *start* belligerency well handaged. For if not . . . if not . . . well, the end is sordid and inglorious, like the end of the student Tchish—one of the characters in Michael Artzibashev's wonderful story, "Breaking Point" (Martin Secker). He lived in rebellious expectancy of something splendid about to happen, and, in despair, at last took to drink and dissipation because the humdrum still continued. He is not the principal character in Artzibashev's book, but he stands for a certain type of youthful mind—the mind which is so impatient of that wonderful Future, which as yet shows no sign of its coming, that it is blind to all the comedy and tragedy, the Laughter, the Love, and the Despair, going on around it. "Breaking Point" is the story of Life's drab, sometimes sordid, but always pitiful drama as it is enacted everywhere—in the town, in the village, wherever two—a man and a woman—happen to live together. It is the tale of wasted lives, of happiness which comes too late, of bliss and passion, and the inevitable Day of Reckoning; of anger, of jealousy, of birth, of love-making, and of death. It is the story of life itself—not the life lived as we would have our neighbours see it, but life as it is lived in the depths of our own hearts. And through it all there echoes the cry of Tchish's discontent. Mixed with it, too, is the cry of another agony—the agony of the man who feels that the beauty of his soul is wasted, that life is nothing if not the living expression of all that man feels and believes. His own life is useless. Fate has never given him a chance—never—never . . . And meanwhile . . . meanwhile . . . time is passing, the end is growing near. "Everyone thinks he will get the whip-hand of all evil some day and win life's good-will," he cries in his despair. "In this futile hope, based on nothing, they all live." Yet he too is blind. Everywhere around him there passes the pageant of Love and Passion and Death. But he sees it not. In a world wherein each man and woman lives the wonderful drama of life he alone exists trying to understand the riddle of his own uselessness, fearing that its end is oblivion, yet still believing—he knows not what!

It is strange how these Russian novelists discover all the elements of human beauty and tragedy among people whom the average English writer would simply designate as "dull and dirty." Perhaps they possess a greater imagination—or, may be, a finer intuition? At any rate, they find in the ordinary love-story of a man and a woman sufficient material for all the drama of Sex. Most English authors must marry their hero or heroine before they realise that there is such a thing as a Sex Drama at all. Love as Love is to them no tragedy unless it be complicated by the Seventh Commandment. Besides, we have a national mental habit of mixing Love up with a hundred other sentiments and illusions. Love—pure and simple—is rarely discussed at all. We think we have called a "spade a spade" when we disguise it thoroughly and call it an "implement of horticulture." Thus the heroine of Mrs. Maud Churton Brady's novel, "The Honey of Romance" (Werner Laurie), when she wrote to her lover, Dorian de la Pasque (Ye Gods! what a name!): "This is just to tell you that I love you and thank God for you. No more now. Good-night, my Own. Thy name is as ointments poured forth!" I kiss your blue eyes and the violet shadows in your hair. I hide you in the cleft of my heart"—she called it "Love" and "Devotion" and several other beautiful names. Whereas, if the truth be known—oh, but English people never do like to know the truth about love! . . . It is part of our national character to shy at names. In love, Marriage is the precaution which the world insists upon two people taking before they wake up to realise that, may be, it ought to have been called—*instinct*, after all. So lovers return to the normal bound by the chains of Matrimony, and the Revolutionaries wake up—in prison. Well, most of us are merely sleep-walkers, and it is notoriously dangerous to bring such people to their senses within reach of an open window. They might so easily jump out of the cage. There is nothing so catching as the force of example. Thus love, in an English novel, lives in a kind of ballad-concert world. One does not run across women like many of the heroines of Marcelle Tinayre's stories—of which an admirable criticism appears in Winifred Stephens's second series of "French Novelists of To-Day" (Lane)—the woman who realises her Sex Life and her Woman's Life and lives both of them fully, completely, with truth and a certain dignity. Dignity and a loose life—who ever heard of such a thing in an English novel?

DESTROYED BY AN AUSTRIAN BOMB: THE WRECKED TIEPOLO CEILING.

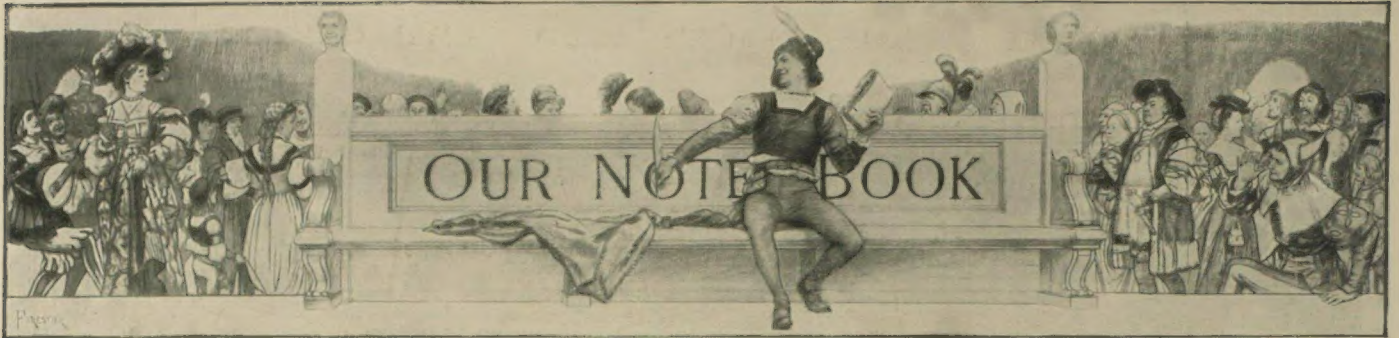
PHOTOGRAPH BY BROCHERRELL.



"THE FIRST GREAT CRIME AGAINST THE RADIANT CITY OF THE ADRIATIC": THE INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF S. MARIA DEI SCALZI, AT VENICE; AND ITS BEAUTIFUL CEILING BY TIEPOLO—AFTER THE AUSTRIAN AIR-RAID.

The destruction of the beautiful ceiling-painting by Tiepolo—destruction which, as our photograph shows, is irreparable—is a sight that must arouse wrath and sorrow among all lovers of art. On page 638 in this number we give a photogravure reproduction of the ceiling as it was before an Austrian vandal's bomb shattered it to fragments, together with a description of this famous lost masterpiece, and the legend it represented, quoted from Sir Claude Phillips. In the same article he writes: "The news of this first serious

outrage, this first great crime of *lese majesté* against the radiant city of the Adriatic, has been the cause of indignation and disgust among her innumerable worshippers. . . . It is exceedingly lucky, seeing that irreparable catastrophe has now overwhelmed the great original, that there should be in existence an admirable design in oils, giving the composition in its essential features." The bomb fell almost in the centre of the church roof, and evidently burst before it had passed through the ceiling.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

LORD DERBY'S recruiting scheme, by all accounts, is doing exceedingly well; but it is a case where doing well is chiefly valuable as an impetus to do better. The very cause of our being encouraged should be the cause of our not being satisfied. It is, perhaps, as well to clear this very plain and practical matter of some irrelevant irritations which have arisen around it. We want a great many more men; and we do not want them for any of the twisted and acrimonious reasons debated about in most of the newspapers, but for a very simple reason indeed. It is a reason for which it is quite unnecessary to blame anybody, unless it be Adam, who brought death into the world. I feel almost as if I were taking bread out of the mouths of my fellow-journalists in saying this; but the need does not arise from the infamous conduct of anybody. It does not arise, as some think, because there are "more Germans than ever"—that is, that when you cut a German in half he turns into two Germans. We may be excused for thinking sometimes that the Germans are monsters, but I decline to believe that they are hydras. It arises from that awful simplicity which is the first fact of war and the last word of sorrow, something so close to all of us that it is easiest to refer to it remotely, and as in the old chivalric rhyme—

The stubborn spearmen still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood
The instant that he fell.

Beyond this fact, enlarged from the scale of Flodden to the scale of half the world, there is no need of further argument or of greater certainty. The units of our Army must be filled up—not because our Army has failed, but, on the contrary, because it has succeeded; not because we have done badly, but because we have done so well. Some have written of "the deadlock in France" as if our soldiers there were all doing nothing. If they had all been doing nothing they would still all be there to do something. We want more men because, even in that seeming stillness, the rate was so fast and furious at which they did what they had come to do.

It is useful to dwell thus for a moment on the distinction, because some of our highly successful journalists are bad recruiting sergeants because they are bad psychologists. They judge of patriotism by the very prosaic methods and motives of the modern business world. They know that in business things are largely done by bossing and sacking and finding fault. And their only idea of conducting a national war is to boss workmen, to sack Ministers, and to find fault with everybody. But they do not see that everything is altered in the presence of death, the one utterly unique thing in human experience—or rather, out of human experience. The causes which will or will not make a man risk his life are necessarily quite different in kind from those that will make him risk any pleasure that depends on his life. You can only bribe him to die with certain things, and not others. And one of the things with which you can bribe him can be most shortly described as a brass band. He

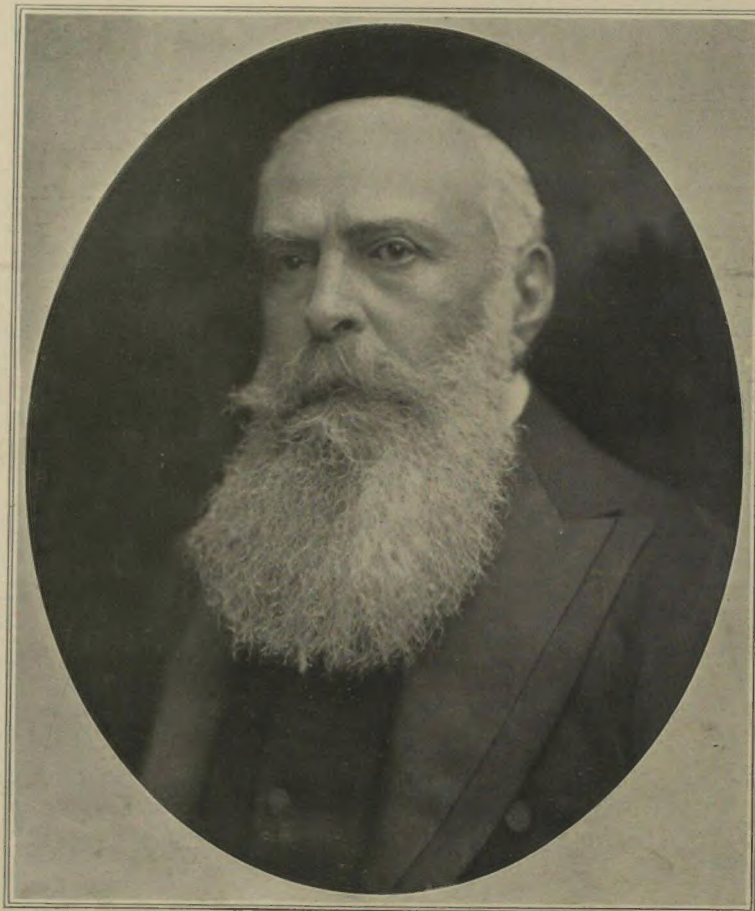
will cheerfully die in an atmosphere of triumph—nay, he will even cheerfully be defeated in an atmosphere of triumph. But he will not do the same things in an atmosphere of defeat. This romance is the most real of all the realities of war. Its necessity is as practical as that of petrol for motors or food for men. It is proved by experiment in the fact that successes have often been gained through the presence of some Commander even when he did not command, or that under a certain degree of failure in the whole body the moral breaks and there is rout. The old-fashioned recruiting sergeant who covered the recruit with

a few of them. The present effort has indeed afforded a very fine opportunity to many sincere Conscriptorists to show that they have sought their own solution because they wish the nation's will to prevail in Europe, and not merely their own will to prevail in England. Of the few though wealthy individuals who still insist on leaving Voluntarism untouched as an unclean thing, there is really nothing to be said except that they must be mad—mad as the old Prussian King was mad when he preferred soldiers to soldiering. Nor is there any kind of inconsistency in having a belief in Compulsory Service and a pride in Voluntary Service. And in our Voluntary Service, as it has already grown and as it is still growing, it must surely be very hard for any man of English birth not to take very great pride.

For while Lord Derby's scheme is new, drastic, and practical, it is still the fulfilment of what must be called a very remarkable popular movement. The work which now appeals to every man who can to complete it, is quite seriously the most wonderful work in all our recorded centuries. It is not too much to say that every man who comes forward now becomes at one step a great historical character. He will not only come in time to save the world from an almost cosmic catastrophe. He will not only take part in what resembles the war in heaven, in dealing with the greatest of all invasions by the abyss against the turrets of time or eternity. Even the very way in which he does it may well turn the world out of its course. He will have made England not only an aid but an example, renewing the youth of the earth. He will have tested triumphantly our insular tradition, and proved that liberty is not laxity. Every just argument for doing this work by coercion is also an argument for the greatness and glory of doing it without coercion. It will make freedom a fact which it has never been till now. This may well be the last of the English wars; but it may well also be the first of the English revolutions. We shall have earned a right to plant and build, to widen our own influence, to make in our own image, which we never had in our years of sullen individualism and cynical peace. We shall really be, as they said of Rome, a nation of kings, for every man separately will have declared war like a king. We shall have given a new meaning

to that liberty which should complete the equality and fraternity of the democracies allied with us. We shall have brought something new into the war of Will against Fate, and given another ending to all the tragedies. The last days are passing, it may be, in which this great thing can be done by a free man. Heaven knows it is not for those who cannot share the material dangers of this day of judgment to talk about them easily, or to offer vulgar and vainglorious advice in such a matter. But in all modesty and self-knowledge it can still soberly be said that in no battlefield or dungeon will there ever be men so miserable as those few by whose delay or doubt shall have failed at the last moment so great a miracle of man.

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THE NEW GREEK PREMIER AND MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS: M. SKOULOUDIS.

The new Greek Premier and Minister for Foreign Affairs, successor to M. Zaimis, is well known in London, for he represented Greece at the Balkan Peace Conference three years ago. He was born in Chios; was formerly a banker in Constantinople; and was Foreign Secretary in M. Ralli's Cabinet in 1897. He is regarded as a tactful negotiator. It is understood that M. Skouloudis proposes to observe an attitude of "very benevolent neutrality" towards the Entente Powers.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

ribbons like wedding favours and told him that all the girls were looking at him, knew his practical business much better than most of us journalists do. Men will only accept such tragedy if they may treat it as comedy. It is necessary, I say, to dwell for a moment on this fact, lest anyone should still suppose that in recruitment one can make progress by pessimism. The men are not needed because of our defeats. They are needed for our victory.

The great majority of Conscriptorists are not monomaniacs. They have ranged from the ablest soldiers like Lord Roberts to the ablest journalists like Mr. Garvin; and amid their other forms of ability they are able to perceive that the desire to obtain a great many soldiers is hardly a reason for refusing

THE "RECRUITING" LORD MAYOR'S SHOW—WITH CAPTURED GUNS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHOTOPRESS, TOPICAL, S. AND G., AND L.N.A.

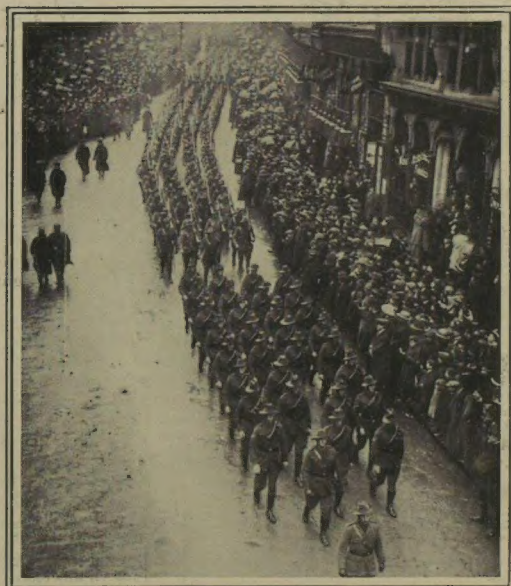


THE ROYAL NAVAL AIR SERVICE IN THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW: ONE OF THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS AND A SEARCHLIGHT IN THE PROCESSION.

WITH ITS WINGS "CLIPPED," THAT IT MIGHT BE DRAWN THROUGH THE STREETS: AN AEROPLANE OF THE R.F.C.



CAPTURED AT LOOS: ENEMY GUNS DRAWN THROUGH THE STREETS OF LONDON AS PART OF THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.



MUCH CHEERED BY THE ONLOOKERS: THE "ANZAC" (AUSTRALIAN AND NEW ZEALAND) CONTINGENT.



A VERY POPULAR FEATURE: CANADIAN HIGHLANDERS MARCHING IN THE LORD MAYOR'S PROCESSION.

The Lord Mayor's Show of this, the second year of the Great War, took exceptional and appropriate form, and was very successful despite the bad weather. It started at 11.30 from the Guildhall, earlier than usual because it was arranged that the Guildhall Banquet in the evening should begin at six o'clock instead of the customary seven. Included in the Procession were some German guns captured by our forces; a detachment of the Anti-aircraft Corps, with guns; a detachment of the R.F.C., with aeroplane; a detachment of the City of London National Guard; a Canadian Contingent; and Con-

tingents representing Australia and New Zealand, South Africa, and the West Indies. In addition were representatives of various regiments, the Royal Naval Division, the Royal Marine Artillery, and the Royal Marine Light Infantry. Other very prominent features were recruiting bands and, following the Lord Mayor and his escort of City of London Yeomanry, a Recruiting Column of considerable strength. Before the arrival of the Procession, recruiting meetings were held at various points of the route, and it was arranged that recruits should fall in in rear of the Guards detachment.

THE WASTE OF WAR IN SERBIA'S CAPITAL: BELGRADE AS IT IS SINCE ITS CAPTURE BY THE AUSTRO-GERMANS.

PHOTOGRAPHS.



ONCE AN IMPORTANT STRATEGIC POSITION, BEFORE THE DAYS OF MODERN ARTILLERY:
THE OLD CITADEL OF BELGRADE, DAMAGED BY SHELL-FIRE.



WITH ROOFS GONE AND ONLY THE WALLS STANDING:
THE CITY.

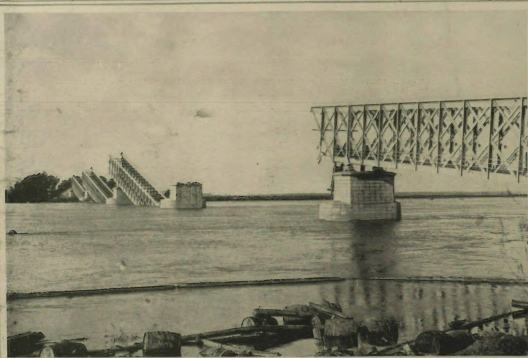


BOMBARD BY THE DANUBE AT BELGRADE AFTER
BOSSARD-GET.



ONE OF THE TREES WITH WHICH THE SERBIANS GALLANTLY DEFENDED THEIR CAPITAL.
A SERBIAN GUN CAPTURED BY THE GERMANS.

THE enemy's account of the capture of Belgrade was as follows. A Berlin official report of October 9 stated: "After the German troops of the army of the Austrian General Kornev had captured Gory Island and the heights south-west of Belgrade, the army succeeded in occupying the greater part of the town. Austro-Hungarian troops stormed the citadel and the northern part of Belgrade. The Germans stormed the New Konak (Royal Palace). The troops are advancing through the southern part of the town." On October 10 Berlin announced: "The town of Belgrade, and the heights south-west and south-east, fell into our hands after further fighting." An Austrian communiqué of October 11 said: "In the occupation of Belgrade, 9 naval guns, 26 unmounted field-guns, 1 searchlight, numerous rifles, and much munition fell into our hands; 10 Serbian officers and over 600 men were made prisoners."



A STRUCTURE WHICH MUST BE REBUILT BEFORE THE ROAD TO CONSTANTINOPLE CAN BE CALLED OPEN:
THE WRECKED RAILWAY BRIDGE OVER THE SAVA AT BELGRADE.



HEAVILY DAMAGED BY AUSTRO-GERMAN.
THE ROYAL PALACE AT BELGRADE.



SHALLS, THE INTERIOR OF THE NEW
FIRST OCCUPIED BY KING PETER.

THE Serbians' account of the fall of their capital was given in the following official communiqué issued at Nish on October 9: "In the direction of Belgrade the enemy opened a very violent fire on the entire front, and under the cover of this fire he got as far as the railway on the Danube quay. Our troops on Gory (Koprijak) Island withdrew. . . . In the fighting on the fish at Belgrade our artillery sank an enemy gunboat. Another was badly damaged, and ran ashore near Semlin. . . . Our troops abandoned the defence of the city of Belgrade and fell back upon the positions nearest the town; in order to spare the city the continuance of the bombardment with heavy guns. The occupation of the city by the enemy has given him no advantage from a military standpoint." The Serbians did not expect to check the invaders at Belgrade.



EVIDENCE OF THE ENEMY'S GREAT SUPPLY OF STORES AND AMMUNITION FOR THE DIVISION OF SERBIA.
THE QUAYS AT BELGRADE AFTER THE GERMAN OCCUPATION.

The Germans and Austrians did not take Belgrade without a desperate struggle and heavy losses. In a Rector message from Nish of October 10 we read: "The Serbians are covering themselves with glory by fighting the Germans in an unequal contest in defence of their native soil and their ancient capital. The Germans have penetrated into Belgrade. The town has been evacuated. . . . Belgraders relate stirring episodes of the bravery of the defenders of Belgrade. The enemy threw more than 50,000 shells on the town, sparing neither hospitals nor churches. The Sprague was destroyed, burying beneath its ruins hundreds of Jewish families who had come to seek safety in the walls. . . . A battery of French artillery took part in the defence of the capital. British troops, with some heavy guns, inflicted severe losses on the enemy and sank two monitors in the Danube." It has been pointed out that the "storming" of the citadel and the New Konak at Belgrade, grandiloquently announced in the German communiqué given above, would not be a very

improbable achievement. "The citadel of Belgrade," says an ironical writer in a description of the city, "is a fortress as defensible as the Tower. That tremendous work, the New Konak, is a modern palace with the armament used in palaces. The citadel had still some military value half a century ago. It has long been converted to the use of a barracks and a prison. The truth is, of course, that Belgrade has no fortification, and has not been seriously defended, because it is incapable of defence." Modern Belgrade, with a population of some 60,000, is a town of boulevards and parks and places of amusement. The New Konak, with its gilded domes, is the most imposing of its public buildings. King Peter was the first Serbian Sovereign to make it his residence. The railway to Belgrade from Western Europe crossed the great railway bridge over the Sava, which has been destroyed. Until it is rebuilt, the German road to Constantinople cannot be said to be entirely open.

Treasure-Trove for Trench-Diggers: A French Discovery in Lemnos.



UNEARTHED BY FRENCH SOLDIERS AT PALÆOPOLIS, WHICH IS PROBABLY THE ANCIENT HÆPHESTIA: AN ANTIQUE MARBLE STATUE OF EROS—AND THOSE WHO FOUND IT.

While engaged in trench-digging practice at Palæopolis (probably the ancient Hæphestia), French troops at Lemnos made a discovery likely to be of notable archaeological importance. They unearthed the broken marble statue of Eros illustrated. Further, the officer in charge has given it as his opinion that the state of the site makes it

certain that the city was destroyed by earthquake, not by the Turks. The French are hoping that when the Eros is placed in a museum it will bear the inscription: "Found by officers and soldiers of the Dardanelles Expeditionary Corps, at Palæopolis, in Lemnos, during the campaign against Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Turkey. October 1915."

French Ministers Entering Poison-Gas: An Official Experiment.



IMMEDIATELY BEFORE ENTERING A CLOUD OF NOXIOUS FUMES LIKE THOSE USED BY THE ENEMY: M. ALBERT THOMAS, UNDER-SECRETARY OF STATE FOR MUNITIONS, AND M. MILLERAND, EX-WAR MINISTER, TESTING THE NEW FRENCH ARMY RESPIRATORS.

One of the last official acts of M. Millerand as French Minister of War—General Gallieni is the new Minister—was to make personal investigation, with M. Albert Thomas, the Under-Secretary of State for Munitions, of German poison-gases and means of combating them, especially by the use of respirators. That the tests were

of a very practical nature is proved by our photograph; for we see MM. Millerand and Thomas, wearing anti-gas masks of the latest Army pattern, about to walk through a poison-gas cloud containing all the noxious elements of the German gas. M. Thomas is leading the way.

DEAD ON THE FIELD OF HONOUR: OFFICERS KILLED IN ACTION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAMBERT WESTON, BAISANO, LAFAYETTE, SPEIGHT, LANGFIER, HARRODS, AND ELLIOTT AND FRY.



Capt. Herbert Maddick was the elder son of Mr. George J. Maddick and Mrs. Maddick, of South Bank House, Surbiton. Capt. Maddick joined the Royal Welsh Fusiliers in 1898, and served in the South African War. He was A.D.C. to Sir Augustus Hemming, Governor of Jamaica, in 1903. In the present war he took part in the actions of Le Cateau, Mons, Marne, and Aisne, was invalided home in October last year, and appointed assistant military secretary to Gen. Sir W. Pittcairn Campbell, of the Southern Command. In July last he became Deputy-Assistant Quartermaster-General, Mediterranean Force, and served on the Staff of General Altham. Lieut. S. Wint'ar Caws served in

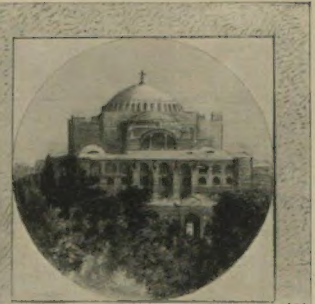
the South African War. He was in Canada when the present war broke out, and came over with the 1st Canadian Contingent. He was later transferred to the Royal Flying Corps, and was killed while fighting two German machines at once. Lieut. Donald C. D. Macmaster was the only son of Mr. Donald Macmaster, K.C., M.P. for North-West Surrey, and Mrs. Macmaster, of Merlewood, Virginia Water. Major Constable served in the South African War and was awarded two medals, three clasps. Major C. N. Buchanan-Dunlop, D.S.O., was the second son of Lieut.-Col. Buchanan-Dunlop, of Whitley Rise, Reading. Major Buchanan-Dunlop served with distinction in South Africa.



THE BUILDING OF ST SOPHIA AT THE BIDDING OF THE BYZANTINE EMPEROR, JUSTINIAN: AN ARCHITECT AT WORK.



THE SETTING-UP OF THE FAMOUS METROPOLITAN CHURCH OF THE GREEKS AT CONSTANTINOPLE: JUSTINIAN INSPECTING A PLAN SHOWN TO HIM BY THE ARCHITECTS, ANTHEMIUS OF TRalles AND ISIDORE OF MILETUS.



BEFORE CONSTANTINOPLE WAS TAKEN BY THE TURKS IN 1453, & THE CHURCH BECAME A MOSQUE: ST SOPHIA.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE ISLAND OF CYPRUS

ONE cannot but feel relieved at the thought that, after all, we are not to yield up the island of Cyprus to our potential ally Greece, for it is an island with both a past and a future. It came into our possession in 1878, to hold till Batoum, Kars, and Erzeroum were restored to Turkey by Russia. It now looks as though our tenure would be a long one. Scientifically administered, this island could be made to yield a really substantial revenue, for it possesses many natural advantages both in the matter of climate and fertility. As a health resort it has distinct possibilities. This much was appreciated by our War Office when, in the autumn of 1885, a brigade of Guards was sent there to recuperate after their sufferings in Egypt, though the choice of their encampment does not seem to have been very happily made.

But it is on ancient rather than on modern Cyprus that I desire to dwell now. The first people to "discover" Cyprus and its possibilities were the Phœnicians, who found it a densely wooded island rich in copper. The metal, indeed, takes its name from the island, Kupros, bestowed upon it by the Greeks, who succeeded the Phœnicians in ownership. For the purposes of smelting the ore, these early miners availed themselves of what they, perhaps, regarded as an inexhaustible supply of wood, but they sadly miscalculated, and eventually disafforested the island. It would be well if we attempted to restore these forests, at any rate so far as the mountain slopes are concerned. But before this can be done the goats which swarm there must be exterminated, for they nip off the tops of all the young trees which are sown naturally by the giant pines and cypresses clothing parts of the sides of Mount Troödos. These trees are the descendants of those of the primitive forests so wastefully destroyed by man. Since these goats are the descendants of domesticated animals, there can be no regrets at their removal. Happily, the only other large ruminant, a species of wild sheep, has different tastes in the matter of feeding. Unfortunately, this animal has become exceedingly rare; perhaps the result of competition with the invading goat.

Prehistoric Cyprus is still more interesting. We owe the discovery of this fact to the cave explorations of one of our countrywomen, Miss Dorothy Bate. Her interest in cave-hunting began while residing in the Wye Valley, when reports came to her of bones having been found in a cave by miners seeking for iron ore. Repairing to the spot, she succeeded in obtaining a valuable

collection of small Pleistocene mammals, now in the British Museum.

With her appetite thus whetted, Miss Bate cast about for more ambitious work, and eventually decided to try her luck in Cyprus. She first

directed her attention to the bone breccias at Chrysostomo, near Kythraea, in the district of Nicosia; and later, after careful exploration, discovered other caves, which yielded an abundant reward for much personal discomfort. Her first discovery was of the remains of a pygmy hippopotamus. Later, she added a pygmy elephant, and a small carnivore new to science.

These are indeed achievements, for they raise some very important problems. In the first place, they afford valuable evidence as to ancient land-connections, the more so since pygmy hippopotami and pygmy elephants are found in other Mediterranean islands. So abundant were the remains discovered by Miss Bate that it was found possible to reconstruct therefrom a complete skeleton, which is now in the British Museum. The remains had probably been washed into the caverns by streams and floods. The hippos of Malta and Sicily were larger than those of Cyprus, but they were no less abundant. The bones and teeth of the Sicilian species occur in such enormous accumulations that they were dug out and exported from Palermo for many years to be calcined for use in sugar-refineries!

Madagascar also possessed a pygmy hippopotamus, and a living representative of these pygmies is found to-day in West Africa. The latter seems to dispose of the theory that the dwarfed proportions of these animals is due to their restricted habitat. The pygmy elephant of Cyprus is nearly related to species which have been found in Malta and Sicily and Sardinia; but it is smaller than any of these, and more primitive in type.

Miss Bate's discovery of this diminutive elephant was the result of much laborious and patient work. Stimulated by her discovery of the little hippopotamus, she decided to break new ground before coming home, in the hope of yet other prizes. Four or five newly discovered deposits were carefully dug over without result, till at last, in what appeared to be the most unpromising place which had yet been found, she unearthed a portion of a tooth which was obviously that of an elephant. After weeks of patient labour, however, she succeeded in getting together sufficient material to show that this animal was of very diminutive proportions, varying in height from three to seven feet, a really remarkable range, which suggests that the struggle for existence must have been unusually severe.

That Cyprus has yet more to reveal as to animal life in the past cannot be doubted. We are, therefore, glad that this treasure-ground has not passed out of our possession.—W. P. PYCRAFT.



ARTILLERY IN NATURE: No. 3—A SKUNK, PURSUED BY A DOG, DEFENDS ITSELF BY EMITTING A MALODOROUS FLUID.

The fluid which forms the skunk's almost sole means of defence is secreted by a pair of special glands, and can be squirted several feet in fine spray, which diffuses a most obnoxious and suffocating odour for several hundred yards. The bite of a skunk has been known to cause hydrophobia. The illustrations on this page continue the series begun in our issue of October 30.



ARTILLERY IN NATURE: No. 4—THE ECBALLIUM, OR SQUIRTING CUCUMBER, PROJECTING ITS SEEDS AND JUICE.

The Squirting Cucumber (*ecballium elaterium*) is found in Southern Europe. It is so named because the ripe fruit separates suddenly from its stalk and shoots out seeds and juice from the hole thus left at the base. From the juice is obtained a powerful medicine called elaterium.

NO MORE SPIKES OR BRIGHT COLOURS: THE NEW GERMAN UNIFORM.



IN FIELD-GRAY AND FOR PEACE AS WELL AS WAR: THE NEW DRESS OF THE GERMAN SOLDIER—WITH BUTTONLESS TUNIC AND SPIKELESS HELMET.

A field-grey (*feld-grau*) uniform of the plainest cut will henceforth, it is ordained, be the universal wear of the German Army in peace and in war. As the German paper from which we reproduce the above illustration puts it, referring to the cavalry: "All the gay dresses of our hussars will be relegated to museums." The helmet's spike goes. Only a ventilation-knob of dulled metal remains on top. Buttons also disappear, replaced by hooks and eyes—after the Russian Army style. The tunic becomes of a blouse-cut, with a black leather belt. The shoulder-strap braidings alone are to differentiate the

various arms—white or grey, infantry; green, jägers; red, field artillery; yellow, foot artillery; black and red, pioneers; blue, the commissariat. Blue for infantry, with red collars and cuffs, has been the Prussian Army uniform, with colours of every shade—red, light-blue, green, brown—for the hussars, since Frederick the Great's time. Spiked helmets came in just ninety years ago. George IV. much wanted to dress the British Army in them, but Treasury economists prevented it. Spiked helmets were introduced, however (in felt, with light brass fittings), after the War of 1870—as part of the Army reform scheme.

THE FRENCH SOLDIER'S LIFE-SAVING HELMET: HEAD-WOUNDS PREVENTED.



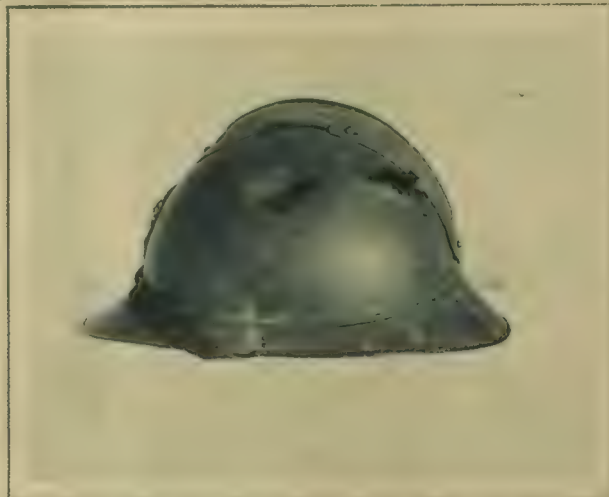
AN INSTANCE OF COMPLETE PROTECTION: A HELMET STRUCK BY A BULLET WHICH RICOCHETED WITHOUT PENETRATING.

THE new French helmet was the means of avoiding many wounds during the great offensive in Champagne and Artois. Head-wounds, so frequent in this war, will now be less dangerous, and in many cases entirely prevented. The photographs here reproduced show helmets which have all been hit, and have saved the wearers from certain death. The crest of Helmet No. 1 was cut by a bullet, which, after hitting the back part of the crown, ricocheted without penetrating any further. This is a case of absolute protection. Helmet No. 2, on which a splinter of a large shell fell, had its crest torn off owing to the violence of the shock; the air-hole which it covers was laid bare. The soldier who wore it fell violently on the ground and bent its brim. He told the photographer that his only injury was a large bruise on his skull. He would certainly have been killed if he had not worn his

(Continued below.)



WITH CREST TORN BY A SHELL-SPLINTER AND BRIM BENT BY THE SOLDIER'S FALL: A HELMET THAT SAVED ITS WEARER'S LIFE.



SHOWING THE HOLES OF ENTRY AND EXIT: A HELMET PIERCED BY A BULLET WHICH WAS DEFLECTED OUT AGAIN.

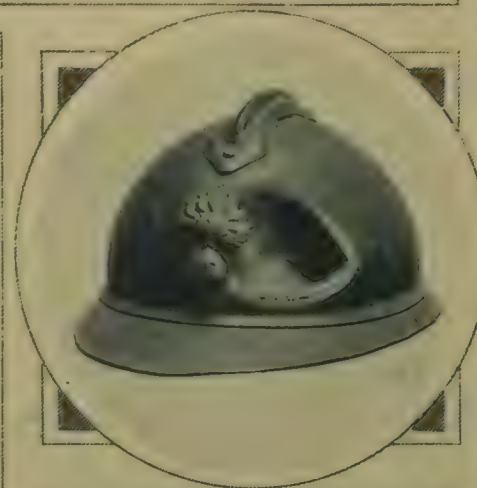


A FRENCH SNIPER'S HELMET THAT SAVED HIS LIFE: SHOWING MARKS OF A BULLET THAT STRUCK IT AS HE WAS LYING DOWN.



STRUCK BY FIVE SHRAPNEL BULLETS AND SPLINTERS: A HELMET WHOSE WEARER WAS ONLY SLIGHTLY WOUNDED, THANKS TO ITS PROTECTION.

(Continued.) helmet. Helmet No. 3 was hit in the crown by a bullet, which, coming into contact with the sheet steel, was deflected from its normal course and thrust outwards, making yet another hole in the metal near the crest. The man who wore Helmet No. 4 was a sniper, and was lying down at the time, when he was hit by a bullet, which, instead of hitting him perpendicularly, was thrown against the inner side of the crown, pushing back the metal on a length of four centimetres, stopping between the lining and the steel. No. 5 was hit by five shrapnel bullets and splinters. The bullets bent the steel without perforating. One splinter made a hole, but the shock was diminished, and the wound was slight. The splinter of shell which indented Helmet No. 6 managed to tear the steel in the cavity produced by the shock; but no serious injury resulted.



HIT BY A SHELL-SPLINTER, WHOSE FORCE IT CHECKED: A HELMET WHOSE WEARER DID NOT SUCCEED TO THE WOUND.

These remarkably interesting photographs illustrate some typical cases in which the lives of French soldiers have been saved by the new steel helmet, which protects the head against shrapnel bullets and splinters dropping from above. These cases and many others of the same kind, which the soldiers who wore the helmets described to their comrades, have done much to make very popular this new form of head-gear, which at first the men complained was rather heavy to wear. They now know that this weight—which is not so great, after all, as it varies between 670 and 750 grammes, according to the dimensions, is an indispensable means of protecting them. Its efficacy

has been recognised by the military authorities, and now the French cavalry wear it as well as the infantry. The French "Adrian helmet," to call it by the name of its inventor, proved the one and only covering which afforded adequate protection to the head. It is interesting to note that already two million and a half helmets have been made and distributed, and the French Government has sent a number round to the Allies on trial. The Belgians will start wearing this helmet shortly, painted khaki to go with their uniform. A lion's head will take the place of the grenade on French helmets.

JOFFRE'S SPLENDID MEN: THE NEW "FANTASSINS" OF FRANCE.



AS THEY ARE IN THIS, THE SECOND YEAR OF THE GREAT WAR: A FRENCH FUSILIER AND A FRENCH "TRENCH-CLEARER" AS SEEN IN THE TRENCHES TO-DAY.

The French infantryman, the Fantassin, of to-day is not as the Fantassin of yesterday. The blue coat and the red trousers have yielded to the uniform of "horizon blue," for the sake of "invisibility"; and the *képi* has given place to the protective Adrian helmet of steel, so called after its inventor, Colonel Adrian. The fusilier carries his Lebel rifle and his bayonet; there is nothing special to remark about his equipment. With the grenadier, specially equipped for trench-warfare, it is different. On his left side hangs a bag of hand-grenades, one of which he is holding in his hand. On his

breast, under the strap of the bag, is a repeating pistol of the Browning type; and, what is most surprising, at the waist is a long knife in a sheath. This soldier is one of the "clearers" of the trenches. These are chosen from among the bravest and best men, and their work is to make the enemy evacuate shelters in captured trenches, by means of hand-grenades if necessary, or else to force them to disarm as quickly as possible, and take them prisoners. The intelligence and resolution in the faces of the soldiers in our photograph are more eloquent than words.

THE ROAD TO THE NEXT BATTLE-GROUND: THE ENEMY HELD BACK WHILE THE GUNS ARE MOVED.

DRAWN BY FRÉDÉRIC DE HAENEN.



A REARGUARD FIGHT AMONG THE MOUNTAINS: SERBIAN FIELD ARTILLERY WARDING OFF THE

The Serbians would seem to be conducting their present campaign very much as, during June, July, and August, the Russians conducted their orderly retreat across Galicia and Poland before a superior force of the enemy; but, of course, on a smaller scale. The Serbian Army, however, has to contend with far more serious and trying conditions, and has against it vastly heavier numerical odds. In spite of that, it is falling back before the combined frontal and flanking attacks of the Austro-Germans, in the north, and the Bulgarians in the east, in good order, and, from all accounts, with its columns intact and its main general line unbroken. General Putnik and his corps commanders have, happily, given every sign so far that they thoroughly understand their business; while the subordinate leaders satisfactorily appreciate the tactical assistance that the broken and mountainous nature of the country affords a defending

FOE UNTIL THE OX-DRAWN, HEAVY POSITION-GUN BATTERIES HAVE MADE GOOD THEIR RETREAT.

army. In that regard, indeed, they are more favoured than were the Russians in their retreat over the flat Galician and Polish plains. The enemy, in our illustration, are on the far ridges, seen in the background of the drawing, and also lower down, but still across the river—as the white smoke from their artillery and from the bursting Serbian shells indicates. Along the near hill-crest which rises across the middle of the picture and extends to the right are field-artillery batteries of the Serbians. On them rests the responsibility of stalling the enemy off until the long line of ox-drawn, heavy position-gun batteries have been enabled to clear the bridge and make good their retreat beyond to the next battle-ground. Primitive as they appear, ox-teams are found most suitable for hauling guns in a country where motor-traction would be hardly possible.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

SERBIA'S FIGHT FOR LIFE: PLACES AND PEOPLE IN THE CAMPAIGN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT IN SERBIA, MR. DONALD C. THOMPSON.



A LINE OF COMMUNICATION BULGARIAN BANDITS TRIED TO BLOW UP:
A RAILWAY BRIDGE OVER THE VARDAR.



BETTER THAN MOTOR-VEHICLES IN THE MOUNTAINOUS COUNTRY: WAGGONS
OF THE SERBIAN ARMY TRANSPORT SERVICE.



A BRIDGE GUARDED BY 5000 SERBIANS WHICH THE BULGARIANS TRIED
TO CAPTURE: AN IMPORTANT POINT ON THE RIVER VARDAR.



THE TOWN FROM WHICH THE BULGARIANS WERE ADVANCING WHEN
DEFEATED BY THE SERBIANS AT ISVOR: VELES.



PROOF OF THE SERBIAN ARMY'S UP-TO-DATE EQUIPMENT: RED CROSS
BATH-CARS ON A SERBIAN RAILWAY.



AT KRAJUJEVAZ, WHERE THE SERBIAN ARSENAL WAS CAPTURED: RED
CROSS NURSES LOOKING AFTER SERBIAN BABIES.

The photographs on this page show several places mentioned in the recent news regarding the campaign in Serbia, and some items of the Serbian Army's equipment. With regard to the orange shown in our first and third photographs, it is pointed out that it has great importance from the fact that it is on the main line of the only Serbian railway that is connected with the sea. The Serbian Army transport is very good, despite its primitive waggons. The mountainous nature of the country would make motor traction practically valueless. For somewhat similar reasons—in her case, rough roads—Russia also uses native waggons rather than motor waggons for transport. Of Veles it may be

recalled that, as announced in an official Serbian statement of the 5th, a Bulgarian force advancing from that town towards Prilep was met by the Serbians at Isvor, and completely defeated, after a battle lasting several days. Detachments of British cavalry and French infantry are said to have taken part in the fighting. The enemy fled towards Veles, and the right bank of the river Vardar was cleared of them. The sixth photograph shows Scottish Red Cross nurses with one of the many Serbian children of poor parents brought to their hospitals at Kragujevatz. The capture of this place, with the Serbian arsenal there, by the Germans, was announced from Berlin on November 1.

AT THE FRANCO-BRITISH BASE FOR SERBIA: THE FRENCH AT SALONIKA.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS PASSED BY THE PRESS BUREAU OF THE FRENCH MINISTRY OF WAR.



FRENCH INFANTRY ENTRAINING AT SALONIKA: TROOPS ON THEIR WAY TO THE SERBO-BULGARIAN FRONT.



COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE FRENCH ARMY IN SERBIA: GENERAL SARRAIL, WITH GENERAL BAILLOUD, AT SALONIKA STATION.

As mentioned elsewhere, the French and British troops landed at Salonika have already made their presence felt in the Serbian campaign against the Bulgarians. It was reported that detachments of French infantry and British cavalry, sent forward from Krivolak, assisted the Serbians to gain their recent victory at Isvor over a Bulgarian force advancing from Veles. According to a Reuter message from Salonika dated November 5, the Greek authorities there have given permission for the Allies to build a jetty near the Standard Oil Company's wharf and to open a new thoroughfare, in order

to facilitate communication between the quay and the railway station. The local authorities at Salonika have also consented to provide space at the quays for Allied transports if they are not required for Greek transports, which are landing troops simultaneously with the British and French. In connection with these facilities afforded to the Allies at Salonika, it may not be irrelevant to recall that the new Greek Premier, M. Skouloudis, is said to have declared that he would maintain an attitude of "very benevolent" neutrality towards the Entente Powers.

DECORATING ONE OF HIS ILLUSTRIOUS ARMY WHILE IN BED IN A HOSPITAL-TRAIN: THE KING'S FINE ACTION.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, S. BEGG, FROM DETAILS SUPPLIED BY AN EYE-WITNESS OF THE INCIDENT.



IN THE HOSPITAL-TRAIN TO WHICH THE KING WAS TAKEN AFTER HIS ACCIDENT AT THE FRONT: HIS MAJESTY ENDEAVOURING TO PIN THE VICTORIA CROSS ON THE TUNIC OF LANCE-SERGEANT OLIVER BROOKS.

On leaving General Headquarters after his accident, the King issued a Special Order of the Day to the Army, in which he said: "I have decorated many of you; but had I decorated all who deserve recognition for conspicuous valour, there would have been no limit, for the whole Army is illustrious." This particular paragraph gains especial interest from an incident which took place when the King was lying almost helpless in bed, in the hospital-train to which he had been conveyed. Very pluckily, his Majesty, despite the pain he must have been in, determined personally to pin the Victoria Cross on the tunic of Lance-Sergeant Oliver Brooks, a Coldstreamer who won his distinction when leading a party of bombers to regain a section of lost trenches. The Lance-Sergeant was taken to the royal bedside in the train, knelt, and bent over the bed. Even under

these conditions, it was found that the King's courage was greater than his strength, and his Majesty was not able, unaided, to complete his effort to push the pin through the khaki of the soldier's coat. But, with a little assistance, the task was completed and the recipient had not only received his Cross, but had received it in a way and under conditions unique in the history of the Army. The gracious act will not be forgotten. With regard to our drawing, we would emphasise the fact that it is accurate in every particular. Our artist, Mr. Begg, was not only given the fullest details by an eye-witness; but the drawing was passed as correct by that eye-witness after it had been finished. Sir Charles Cust is seen holding an account of the act for which the V.C. was given.—(Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

THE BOMBER: A PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY.

BY W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

THE world went blank; curious and idiotic fact, but the world went blank. There had been a good deal of gunning; not much, but enough to fill the air with a quivering throb; there had been bursts of rifle-fire at certain points, tearing the thick cloth of the darkness with nervous zest; there had been star-shell, high-up and breaking in woolly eruptions; there had been the muffled explosions of shrapnel, and the hard banging of grenades. Plenty of noise in the universe. But it went out. It went out completely, and deep silence was left. Huge, bleak, oppressing and crushing blankness. Yet, astonishing fact, the Bomber knew there was no silence. Only his officer had whispered sharply: "Squad, get ready."

The bombs slung about his waist clinked a little as the squad began to move. At once a wave of hot and prickling sensation swept up his body, from the base of the pelvic girdle to his breast. It was as though two great hands had passed over his torso, back and front, and in passing had touched with electricity every nerve. The head of every nerve in his body was just under the skin, waiting and palpitating for the passage of those large hands. There was a deep, queasy weakness in the pit of the abdomen, and his heart was trying to beat its way out of his breast, like a frightened animal, when the wave of sensation had passed.

The grenades clinked again as the squad turned along the sap that led to the "listening-post," and the wave of alarm returned. The Bomber knew all about this sensation. It came because he was without faith in the powers of modern invention. Reason could not assure his mind that, in spite of the safety-pins, his bombs would not one day clink together with such force that he would be blown into eternity by his own weapons. He realised his inevitable doom. He expected it with every clink.

An Engineer sergeant at the "listening-post" gave them gruff directions; he mixed with his instructions expressions of farewell couched in tones that told the squad that they were bound on an errand from which they would not return. White anger burnt in the breast of the Bomber. The Engineer sergeant was a busybody. What did he know about it? What right had he to poke his condolences into their affair? It was as though he were arranging with the powers their predestined dissolution. The Engineer sergeant was a conspirator. The Bomber felt he would like to kill him, and to shout in his face as he died: "Well, you've got to go the same way as us, anyhow." He simply said to the sergeant: "Keep good," and clambered out on to the open ground.

Awful work, crawling forward. There were so many other things one wanted to do at the same time. One wanted to wait and listen, and make sure of things. Also one wanted to get up on one's feet, and get it all over in a rush. The Bomber elaborated an exquisite tactical plan with great speed and dash in it. By his plan they would be on to the Germans and annihilating them, while the Germans yet gaped in profound astonishment at their wondrous swiftness. Before the machine-guns in the main enemy work could swivel on to them they would be back, safe and warm, in the British lines. It was a fine plan. But the Bomber knew there was a catch in it somewhere. Fine plans never did work out right.

They were in extended line, and supremely lonely. They were wriggling forward over ground unimaginably rough, slimy, dirty, and full of holes. Now and then the Bomber's hand went down in a shell-hole,

and it brought him up with the same sort of jar felt by a man who mounts two steps upward when there is only one left on a staircase. Awfully slow and dragging, this progress. Tedious, snail-like, agonising. Surely they had reached the new German sap by now. But no, on and on and on they crawled. Perhaps they had missed it. Awfully easy to miss it in this blackness.

A whisper somewhere on his right. He caught the command to lie low. The squad was to wait for the next star-burst. Then, the German sap being near enough, they were to get busy. The Bomber's heart began to hammer. It was difficult to whisper in a level sibilance as he turned his head to the left to pass the order along. He was quite certain, too, that the man to his left was a dense fellow, who might muffle the message. He said it three times. He would have said it four times, but the fellow to his left told him not to make a recitation of it.

They waited. It was most dark, and most quiet. The battle noises went on, but they seemed to accent and not to break the quiet. The Bomber lay still, using his ears, trying to gauge sounds and directions, as he had been taught. He was conscious of a great roaring, and was startled. Was there movement

a wainscoting. Rats nibbling. It's just like that," the Bomber thought.

Star-shells were swinging up all along the fronts, but never here. They seemed to be giving this place a miss purposely. There was another to the left—there had been a burst to the right a moment ago. But not here. Not here. Never here. That made a man angry and nervous—played the devil with the nerves. He put his cheek flat in the slime—tried to make out the line of the new sap against the distant star-shell light. He saw things sticking up and bulking idiotically. But it was all confusion.

Then, even as he cursed and looked, the place was brilliant. The livid glare was over all things. And there was the sap. There it was, twenty yards away. Standing out stark and rigid, as though snapped by an instantaneous lens. There was a spade suspended above the line of the ground—caught suspended with the very earth slipping off it. And there was the head and shoulders of a man. Caught, too, he was. Could see by the cringe of his shoulders that he was trying to duck out of sight. But he was caught. He was snapped, rigid and moveless, by that blaze of light. Then there was the line of mud they were piling up, low and ridiculous . . . like a child's fort of sand on a sea beach . . . then the light was gone . . .

and there was the whistle.

Such a rush then.

Everything that had been bottled up inside was put into that rush. A real, red, frantic, murderous charge. They were going on with the roar of a big wind. Incidents and moments were whirling about together. There were sharp, scared calls—German calls. There was the officer shouting to the squad. Snatching noises came from the sap. "Spa-at" went a German rifle; a big globe of flame burst out of the ground, leapt up from it as though it kicked its heels as it jumped. That was a grenade. The Bomber's arm went back. He swung it as though he were slinging. Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!—all explosions, all flames, all in the trench. One of them was his, but he didn't know which. The whole squad had gone scat—all were lobbing bombs into the trench as hard as they could, and as quickly.

They were into the sap. The Bomber came down on something soft as he landed. It squirmed, caught at his ankle, and he kicked it off. He was running down the gallery. He was looking for someone to fight. He wanted to fight someone with a mad lust. He knew now that he had come out here for nothing else, and that he would be beside himself if he were disappointed. Round a traverse there was a man with a rifle and a bayonet. The Bomber almost laughed at him. He was a fat man. There was light now—searchlight probably, and he could see. He was a fat German—ludicrously German. His girth was unwieldy, and he was scared. The Bomber knew by the way he held his rifle that he was scared. He looked as though he were afraid the rifle would burn his hand. The Bomber jeered at him. He was utterly contemptuous. As he jeered he flung his grenade. "Hit him on the belt," his mind grinned. "I'll hit him on the belt—where he's fattest."

As the grenade departed the rifle went off, and the Bomber was smitten by an enormous blow. He fell, sitting against the wall of the sap. The world danced round him in a shimmer of blackness and light and pain. "My Lord!" said the Bomber in amazed astonishment. "If that fat German hasn't shot me!"

He was too astounded by the unexpected fact to worry about the death that was coming to him.

THE END.



ENEMY BOMBERS: GAS-MASKED GERMANS IN A TRENCH THROWING HAND-GRENADES.

In connection with the use of hand-grenades in the war, it is interesting to mention that, while in the British Army special sections of men are organised as bombers, the Germans train all their men in bomb-throwing. Those seen in the photograph, which is reproduced from a German paper, are throwing grenades of the "rocket" type.

behind the German line? Was he hearing, faintly but unmistakably, the gathering of troops? He was close to the ground, and one heard well close to the ground. Perhaps they were massing for some big and surprise attack . . . and he should give warning. . . . He shifted his head to listen better. The roaring stopped. He had been breathing deeply on to his sleeve. He had been hearing—merely that.

Then he heard the Germans working. The sounds grew up out of the night. They were muffled, discreet, cautious. But they were there. The Germans were driving the new sap towards the British lines with the greatest silence, but they could be heard. The Bomber could hear the slow thud of the trench-picks, used diffidently. He could hear the sliding rasp of the shovels pushed into wet soil. As he listened there was a snapping click, steel on stone, as though a pick had struck too hard. There was an immediate and palpable silence. Shovels and picks ceased to sound. There was a wait of ages. The Bomber could almost hear the Germans listening. They were afraid too. That was startling, they were afraid. He had never thought of them as being afraid. He was amazed at them. The shuffling and furtive picking began again. "Rats nibbling at

REPLACING LOST LIMBS: MARVELLOUS ARTIFICIAL ARMS AND LEGS.

DRAWN BY W. B. ROBINSON.



HOW THE MAIMED SOLDIER IS COMPENSATED BY SCIENCE FOR THE LOSS OF LEG OR ARM: ARTIFICIAL LIMBS THAT ENABLE A MAN TO WALK, WRITE, PICK THINGS UP, AND RAISE HIS HAT.

Of the many types of wonderful mechanical arms and legs now on the market, three of the most interesting are here illustrated—the Rowley leg, the Hanger leg, and the Carne arm. The latter is shown in use by a representative of the Carne Artificial Limb Company, of Kansas City. Modern artificial limbs are made of light wood, preferably English willow, the parts between the joints being hollowed out to contain the operating mechanism and the cords and levers connecting it with harness worn round the neck and shoulders. Any given motion of the shoulder-muscles causes some

definite movement in the artificial limb. In the Carne arm the elbow is bent by a pull on the cord. At the wrist is a system of bevel wheels and ratchets by means of which the hand can be revolved at the wrist by pulling a cord. The pulling of another cord closes the fingers. The Hanger leg has a thigh portion and a leg portion connected by a knee hinge. The bending of the knee is effected by a lever pivoted in the thigh portion and connected with an elastic spring inside the calf. The Hanger foot has a central ankle pivot and a rubber cushion under the heel and instep.

THE "SPOTTER" AT WORK: A BRITISH "SAUSAGE" BALLOON FOR OBSERVING ARTILLERY FIRE; AND ITS SPECIAL SHIP.

PHOTOGRAPH No. 3 BY C.N.



GOING TO WORK: A BRITISH OBSERVATION-BALLOON OF THE "SAUSAGE" TYPE LEAVING THE DECK OF ITS SHIP FOR A "SPOTTING" EXPEDITION.



WITH A PARTLY INFLATED BALLOON ABOARD, BEHIND A WHITE "FENCE": A BRITISH BALLOON-SHIP AT THE DARDANELLES.



AFLOAT FOR SPOTTING PURPOSES: A BALLOON USED BY THE BRITISH FLEET TO NOTE THE RESULTS OF ARTILLERY FIRE.



FILLING A SPOTTING BALLOON: THE ENVELOPE PARTLY INFLATED ON THE DECK OF ITS SHIP.



SHOWING, IN THE FOREGROUND, THE WINCH USED FOR WINDING IN THE BALLOON AFTER ITS WORK IS FINISHED: A SPOTTER PARTLY INFLATED.



ABOARD THE SHIP FROM WHICH IT IS SENT UP: A BRITISH CAPTIVE.



ABOARD THE SHIP FROM WHICH IT IS SENT UP: A BRITISH CAPTIVE.



WITH CYLINDERS OF GAS FOR INFLATING THE BALLOON RANGED IN ROWS: ON THE AFT-DECK OF THE BALLOON-SHIP.

Despite the aeroplane and its many activities, the captive balloon still holds its own for certain purposes. Notably, it is especially valuable for "spotting"; that is to say, for observing the results of artillery fire, that the range of the shells and their direction may be altered if necessary until the target be hit. As our photographs show, we use the captive balloon; and it may be said without fear of contradiction that all the other armies in the field do the same. The Germans particularly favour the balloon of the type illustrated. Mr. H. Warner Allen remarks upon this in a recent article, saying: "Apart from the aeroplanes, the Germans attach the greatest importance to the captive balloon for directing the fire of their artillery, and at the beginning of the war they were plentifully supplied with what the French call 'saucisses,' from their sausage-like shape. The Drachen balloon, as the

Germans call it, has completely replaced the captive spherical. Its shape enables it to go up in a comparatively strong wind, and it is far less inclined to indulge in those fantastic jumps and twists and revolutions which make observation from a spherical captive so difficult. . . . The lot of the observer in a captive balloon is not altogether an enviable one. Though the 'saucisse' is more stable than the spherical, and its shape keeps its nose always into the wind, it is not so steady that on a gusty day even the strongest stomach may not succumb to the qualms of air-sickness. In the air it offers a very difficult target. . . . The unquestionable superiority of the Allied aviators has made the Germans very dependent on their captive balloons for long-range firing."

SHATTERED BY AN ENEMY IN THE AIR: AN 18TH-CENTURY MASTERPIECE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDERSON; SUPPLIED BY MANSSELL



RUINED BY A BOMB FROM AN AUSTRIAN AEROPLANE: TIEPOLO'S CEILING-DECORATION SHOWING THE TRANSLATION OF THE HOLY HOUSE OF LORETO, IN THE CHURCH OF S. MARIA DEI SCALZI, AT VENICE—BEFORE IT WAS HIT.

The destruction of this world-known ceiling-decoration was described the other day by Sir Claude Phillips in the "Daily Telegraph": "A single bomb from an ordinary Austrian aeroplane, dropped on the roof of the Church of S. Maria dei Scalzi, at Venice, has irretrievably shattered and ruined one of the most famous works of Giovanni Battista Tiepolo, the greatest master of monumental decoration that the eighteenth century produced. . . . The great ceiling-decoration by Tiepolo, now lost to the world, was a commission entrusted to him by the Carmelite Friars in 1743, and carried to

completion in 1744—that is, at the moment when his art had attained its climax. With immense force and brilliance, with unbridled fantasy, if with no great intensity or significance, he represented the Translation of the Holy House of Loreto (Santa Casa di Loreto) . . . believed to be the house inhabited by the Virgin at Nazareth. The legend is that it was carried by angels to the summit of a mountain in Dalmatia, from whence it was similarly transported across the Adriatic to Italy, and finally deposited at Loreto. There, in a shrine of precious marbles designed by Bramante, it reposes."

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WAR DAYS BEFORE THE PRESENT WAR.

Royalist and Roundhead.

The "Royalist Father and Roundhead Son" of Lady Denbigh's singularly interesting narrative (Methuen) were her ancestors, William, first Earl of Denbigh, and Basil who succeeded him. Both were intimately connected with the Court—a fact due in the main to the Earl's marriage with Susan, sister of "that curious mixture of good and evil" the Duke of Buckingham. The Earl was Master of the Royal Household, his Countess was Lady of the Queen's Bedchamber, and Basil held various appointments which brought him into close personal touch with his Sovereign before he undertook embassies to Venice and Savoy. It was after his return from Italy that Basil began to drift towards the Parliamentary party. Lady Denbigh makes the very probable suggestion that latent democratic sympathies had been quickened during his stay in the Republic of Venice; but, whatever the cause of his separation from the Royalists, there can be no doubt concerning his purity of motive. His prospects, had he continued in the ways to which he was bound by all the ties of tradition and self-interest, were of the brightest; and when he finally threw in his lot with the Parliamentarians it was impossible that he should have foreseen the lengths to which they were prepared to go. That he remained with them after Charles had been beaten at Naseby and the real nature of the Cromwellian movement became revealed, may be explained by his belief that, having gained a position of influence, he might be able to restrain his colleagues; it is manifest that, as one of the Commissioners appointed to treat with Charles, he did his utmost to bring about a peaceful issue. A gentleman in the highest sense of the word, we do not envy him his situation. But the most tragic figure in this absorbing chapter of family history is the unhappy wife and mother, torn between the two she loved best on earth: her letters, of which Lady Denbigh gives many, show a woman of unusual force of character and charm. Her spirit shines through her pen,

and we share to the full her long-drawn agony of endeavour to win back the son who had faced his father at the Battle of Edgehill; the horror of it culminates in the letter he wrote Basil after his father's death from wounds received in the skirmish near Birmingham. Apart from its direct interest, this book appeals by reason of the glimpses afforded of life at the Court of Charles, and the sidelights shed on personages so diverse as the Duke of Buckingham and Harvey, discoverer of the circulation of the blood.

A Christmas Book about Great Soldiers.

In picturing the heroism of great soldiers, Sir Henry Newbolt has not forgotten the horror of war—horror as repellent a century or more ago as it is to-day, although lacking then the super-horror imposed by the development of scientific methods of

and shrieked in the air." Sir John Moore and the victory of Corunna are made the subjects of inspiring pages, and the great leader is pictured as the ideal of "a perfect gentleman, and a fearless, single-hearted soldier." In future we may quote Sir Henry Newbolt as authority for a version of Wellington's famous cry at Waterloo that will be new to many—not "Up, Guards, and at 'em!" but "Up, Guards, and make ready!" "The Adventures of George," chiefly in India, are more exciting than a romance, with their glimpses of Oriental splendour; and episodes in the career of Outram, "The Bayard of India," and of Stonewall Jackson in the American Civil War, whose campaigns were described by Lord Wolseley as "examples of the highest kind of generalship," are vigorously portrayed. The coloured illustrations by Mr. Stanley Wood are admirable.

There should be a hearty response to the appeal made by the British Women's Hospital to raise £50,000 to rebuild the Star and Garter Hotel at Richmond as a Home for soldiers and sailors totally disabled in the war. It will be recalled that the building and site are to be presented to the Queen by the Auctioneers and Estate

Agents' Institute of the United Kingdom, and that her Majesty has announced that she will hand it over to the British Red Cross Society, who have undertaken to equip and maintain it. It was decided that it would be more economical to erect a new building than to convert the existing one, and the Society asked the British Women's Hospital to raise the necessary funds. British women and their friends throughout the Empire will doubtless be eager to help in providing this home for men who have fought and suffered for them. One part of the building is to be named the "Edith Cavell Memorial Wing," a fitting memorial to one whose endeavours in helping British soldiers to reach safety scaled her doom. Donations should be addressed to the Hon. Treasurer, the British Women's Hospital, 2, Robert Street, Adelphi, W.C.



MEASURING THE HEIGHT AND SPEED OF A GERMAN AEROPLANE: AN OBSERVER AT WORK OUTSIDE HIS OBSERVATORY, OR "RABBIT-HOLE."

dealing death. In "The Book of the Thin Red Line," (Longmans), Sir Henry has written a Christmas book about soldiers—a book which will enable readers to understand what war can be when it is carried on in a right cause and by men who are patriots without being Huns." The pages are rich in stirring stories, and humorous touches are not lacking—witness the story of the elopement of the beautiful daughter of a Spanish bishop, and the incident of her disguise in male attire. The storming of Badajoz is vividly treated: "Gallant foes, laughing at death, met, fought, bled, and rolled upon earth; and from the very earth destruction burst, for the exploding mines cast up friends and foes together, who in burning torture clashed



LUNCH-TIME IN THE "RABBIT-HOLE": THE OBSERVER AT HIS REPAST INSIDE HIS OBSERVATORY—A PRIMITIVE STOVE AND COOKING UTENSILS IN THE BACKGROUND.

Evidence from Doctors

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(Original letter on file for reference)

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—from Mothers

"'Mellin's' has been my boy's salvation."—Mrs. Pountney, 8, Lichfield Road, Stourport.
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—Mrs. Armstrong, Gt. Western St., Manchester.

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*From a Sergeant of the Leicestershire Regt.,
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* * * *

From a London Territorial.

"At dusk we moved off to another wood, where we slept for the night—thin woods without cover and, of course, it rained that night! Gee! We would have welcomed our old barn then. However, we kept the cold out by heating some OXO in a mug over three candles."

London "Daily Express," June 9th, 1915.

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NEW NOVELS.

"Of Human Bondage." Mr. Somerset Maugham, returning from comedy to a novel, draws a long breath and expands in the free air.

Here stage conventions and the exigencies of the happy ending cease to trouble, and in "Of Human Bondage" (Heinemann) he rejoices in his liberty—even to the extent of six hundred close-packed pages. The result is a marvel of observation, of introspection, of the realism of our English school, which seldom loses sight of the moralist behind the philosopher. The phases of Philip are the phases of the average clean-hearted and inexperienced

the next edition. Greenwich Hospital is not the masterpiece of Inigo Jones, whose work there is only a little patch on the creation of a greater man; and Athelny's boy would have been ineligible for the *Arethusa*. But these are insignificant flecks on a fine achievement.

"The Field of Honour."

is a slim volume, but not a volume to be missed. The sketches—they are hardly stories—are slight, and it may at once be said that the sentiment in them is obvious, that they deal with the sacrifice of fathers who give their sons to the Great War, of wives who lose their husbands, of the crippled bell-ringer who rings in his own death-sentence to succour the soldiers of France. It is not the subject-matter that counts; it is the manner of the telling, and here it is that Mr. Fielding Hall becomes one of the writers who tell. His delicate art smooths out these worn and war-stained pages, and emblazons them in gold and purple, very finely, very carefully applied. In the Middle Ages, if he had not been a minstrel turning the cruelties of love and bloodshed to melody, he would have been a monk, illuminating a blessed text with all the patient skill of the craftsman. But the minstrel it would

without entangling it in side-issues. Autobiography, that pitfall of the hyper-sensitive, has not entrapped him, nor is he bent upon airing a theory or emphasising a moral. The upshot of all this is that there is a moral—an excellent one—and that the characters are alive enough to have walked out of Mr. Booth Tarkington's personal knowledge of humanity. As for the great sooty city that he describes, with its disregard for life, and for cleanliness, and for the frail beauty of modest means and moderate ambitions, its picture serves to bring home to us the monstrous growth of those United States that the average Englishman knows as little about as he does about the craters of the moon. Even a poet, it would seem, cannot escape—must be



HOW BARBED-WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS FOR TRENCH DEFENCES ARE MADE: FRENCH SOLDIERS AT WORK ON THE CHAMPAGNE FRONT.

Photograph by the Photographic Section of the French Armies; Supplied by C.N.

youth; and he arrives, as Zola's *Pierre* arrived, at the fitting human end—or beginning—of the great adventure when he takes refuge in the maternal placidity of a healthy young woman. Mr. Maugham's great success in Philip is the art with which, while making him acutely sensitive, he keeps him from the morbid twist. The realist can so seldom detach himself from the belief that a morbid nature has more penetration than a normal one that the refreshment of Mr. Maugham's character-study is as welcome as it is unexpected. "Of Human Bondage" is a live and sympathetic book, that affords refuge in the present hour for those who find it difficult to interest themselves in trivial fiction. Two trifling errors might be corrected in

have been; the list of the poems he includes in "The Field of Honour" proves that. Someone should set "The Call and The Answer" to music, and go recruiting with it. It sings almost of itself, and its call is direct enough to go straight to the heart of any Englishman.

"Turmoil."

Nothing quite as good as "Turmoil" (Hodder and Stoughton), in the popular sense, has come to us out of America this season. There are "bigger" novelists than Mr. Booth Tarkington, but few who excel him in his grasp of an elementary fact too often sadly neglected—that it is the first business of the novelist to have a good story to tell, and to tell it

engulfed, swallowed at a mouthful by the monster. We are given to understand that Mr. Tarkington values the poet's genius several pegs above his mere commercial ability; but we are also given to understand, by the attitude of Sheridan, the super-American, that this is not how the really great men of America look at these things. Everybody should read "Turmoil."

By a slip of the pen, the late Lieutenant Malcolm R. Gibson was described by us the other day as of the East Surrey Rifles, instead of the East Surrey Regiment. He was in the 7th Battalion.



SUPPLYING THE UNLIMITED DEMAND FOR BARBED WIRE IN MODERN WAR: FRENCH SOLDIERS IN CHAMPAGNE MAKING BARBED-WIRE NETWORK.

Photograph by the Photographic Section of the French Armies; Supplied by C.N.

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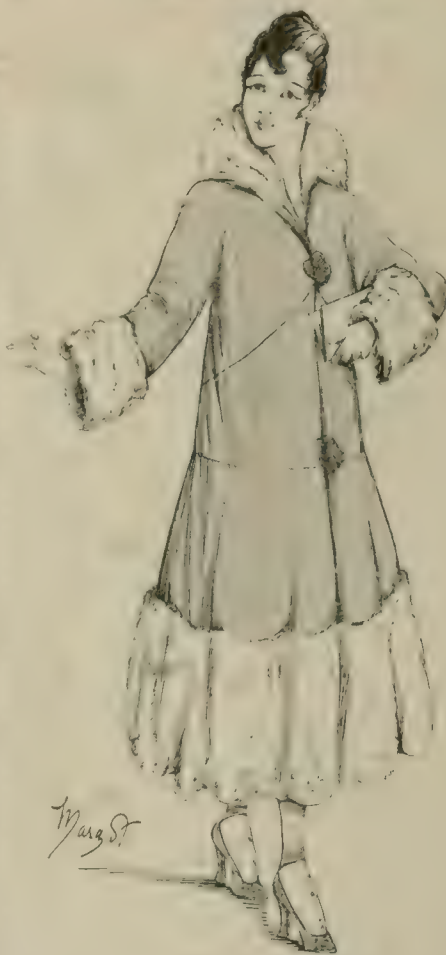


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LADIES' PAGE.

It is quite interesting to hear that Mr. Asquith has at his present time of life discovered that "in this United Kingdom and throughout the Dominions of the Crown there are thousands of such courageous women as Edith Cavell," for he adds ingenuously, "we did not know it a year ago." Like Lord Melbourne, when the girl Queen Victoria told him that it "was reckoned unwholesome" to eat hearty late suppers—"By whom is it 'reckoned'?" demanded the then Premier—so one would like to ask the present Premier: "To whom was it unknown a year ago" that there are thousands of brave women ready to give up life, or, what is far more difficult to part with, "life's life, Love," as Mrs. Browning puts it, for a great and noble cause? The record is no new thing. In every age women have dared danger and met death bravely, sometimes for country, sometimes for religious faith, and sometimes out of pure altruism and human pity. As Mrs. Hemans truly wrote: "Oft smooth cheek and smiling eye Hide strength to suffer and to die. . . . Her voice the patriot's heart has steeled; Her spirit glowed on battle-field; Her courage freed from dungeon's gloom The captive brooding on his doom. . . . No scene of danger or despair, But she has proved her courage there." This is strictly and literally true. Hypatia, of whom Kingsley's novel gives an inaccurate account, was killed for precisely the same offence as that of Miss Cavell—namely, hiding fugitives (Jews in the early instance) from their merciless enemies. At present, it is stated on good authority that there are at least two thousand women fighting, many dressed as male soldiers, in the heroic Serbian Army; and a German official report has previously recorded that many women have been found on the field of honour amidst the Russian dead.

There is no doubt that any nation that chose to call on its women to arm would obtain a large number of recruits in the hour of need. But there is equally little doubt that this is no work for women. Nevertheless, persistent tradition tells of women troops. One of the labours of Hercules was to obtain the girdle of the Queen of the Amazons; and Diodorus Siculus tells of the arrival at the camp of Alexander the Great of Thalestris, the Queen of the Amazons, to make a proposal of marriage to the Conqueror. One cannot give implicit credence to old Diodorus, because he says he saw (not just was told about) a tribe in Africa whose ears were so long that they slept in them like great-coats, and one is afraid that to believe in the Amazon Queen and her troops might give one ears of the same type. On the other hand, traditions generally repeated frequently have some foundation in fact. But neither the physique nor the moral character of women is fit for war. "Horrid war, hated of mothers," said Horace; and the ditty just now most popular in the United States is equally accurate: "There'd be no war to-day, if mothers had their way."



A THEATRE COAT

Of prune-coloured velvet and white fur, fastened in front with dull silver-embroidered buttons.

One reason why our troops have so good a record of health is that the Government very wisely ordered, under medical advice, that every man in the Army should be clothed in wool next to the skin. The well-known "Wolsey" factories have turned out millions of garments for this purpose, and we may well follow the good example by supplying ourselves and our families with the English-made pure wool "Wolsey" underwear. All good-class shops stock genuine "Wolsey" under-garments, recognised by the Cardinal's head on the trade-mark. Various weights and graduated sizes, for men, women, and children, are to be had, but one and all are guaranteed pure wool and unshrinkable, and it is better to pay a fair price for these advantages than to take cheaper admixtures.

Game is fairly moderate in price, and can well be used to reduce the meat bill, for every bit of a partridge or pheasant can be rendered useful in some way. The bones and odd fragments left on the carcass make excellent stock for game-soup; thickened with browned flour and flavoured with celery, and perhaps a glassful of sherry, such a soup is as nourishing as it is tasty. A good stew is made by the French bourgeoisie cook out of partridges, which is more economical than roasting them. She gets a little steak, which can be one of the cheaper cuts, though naturally one would prefer the best. She obtains also a few thin rashers of bacon, or thicker slices in dice, a little kidney, some potatoes, carrot, and a stick of celery. The partridge is cut into small joints, the meat and bacon into neat bits, and all are lightly fried. Then a casserole is lined with very thinly sliced raw potatoes; the meat is artistically arranged, mixed with the bird, on this foundation; over the first layer is sprinkled some thinly sliced carrot and chopped celery, a little very finely chopped onion, and a suspicion of garlic. More meat and bird follows; and the top of all is a layer of thin slices of potato, placed overlapping. A little stock or water, seasoned, possibly mixed with claret, is poured in down the side, and the whole is baked till done, and served up in the "crock" in which it is cooked.

This is an excellent experimental dish to cook in the "fireless cooker." A correspondent asks if the box lined thickly with newspapers described here is the same thing as the "hay-box" of which she reads. The principle, the conservation of heat, is the same; but hay is apt to smell, and is not always so easily obtained as newspaper. The information that paper is, all things considered, the best non-conducting material to use in a "fireless cooker" I owe to a booklet issued under the direction of the accomplished Chief of the Nutrition Investigation Department of the United States, Dr. C. F. Langworthy. I have had the method tried in my own kitchen for just such dishes as that above given with great success. A casserole or brown crock is filled, and simmered a little while over a gas or ordinary fire, then put quickly in the midst of a thick bed of paper in a wooden box, which must have a lid with hinge and hasp, to keep it down closely; and this must not be opened for a moment till the food is done—about three hours in all for such a stew as given above.—FILOMENA.

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

"Autocar" Birthday.

Twenty years ago—that is, on Nov. 2, 1895—appeared the first number of the weekly journal devoted to motoring called the *Autocar*. At that period there were just a few Englishmen interested in self-propelled road vehicles, including—unfortunately—myself, as it cost them dearly as regards their pockets. At that time there were only about half-a-dozen motors in this country, and Sir David Salomons, who owned one of them—a Peugeot—astonished his neighbours by organising an exhibition of these petrol machines twenty years ago to-day in the Tunbridge Wells Agricultural Show grounds. On that occasion five vehicles were on view, which included, besides his own car, a Panhard belonging to the late Hon. Evelyn Ellis, a landau fitted with a steam-engine, built by De Dion, a De Dion tricycle, and a petrol-using pump-engine fitted to a small fire-engine. Small beginnings have sometimes big endings, and the millions of motor-vehicles in use to-day only partly evidence the enormous growth of an industry that scarcely existed twenty years ago. Let us hope, on Nov. 14 next year, we shall be able to hold a birthday motor show to commemorate the abolition of the man with the red flag whom, up to that date in 1896, our English laws compelled to walk in front of the road power-carriage; as well as the twenty-first birthday of the first motor show.

Motor Licenses. The case of the military motor-cycle despatch-rider who was summoned for not having the usual driving-license reminds me that it is time some official statement should be issued by the War Office and the Admiralty upon this vexed point. In the Maidenhead case alluded to above the summons was dismissed, as the defendant's officer stated that since April last the War Office had issued an authorisation as an instruction to such riders. I know that a number of officers and men of both Services driving cars in this country have not taken out the usual driving-licenses, and there are certain cars that bear County Council identification numbers, and others that carry only naval or military marks. All are in use, at times, for what may be termed not strictly Service requirements, while some cars that are in use solely for Army and Naval work carry County Council numbers. What is the correct thing—licenses or no licenses; numbers or marks? Someone ought to say.

English Cars.

It seems to me that the motor-buying public do not quite realise the present conditions of workings of British motor-car factories. They are, of course, busy with all sorts of Government orders,

"hung up," to use the workman's term, on account of materials or orders or alterations of design in the Government work, the hands are at once set to work to assemble some of the cars, so consequently, if the public would only give their orders to the British car-makers, they would get their cars in due course, but no time could be actually fixed by the maker for delivery. Thus a friend of mine has just received a 20-h.p. Austin, built under these conditions of war work, which has rather larger valves than last year's type, and a larger radiator, with bigger pipes from the circulating pump, which has given the engine greater power and flexibility. War use of Austin cars has taught these builders to use wooden spokes, and steel centres for the detachable road-wheels, as this pattern has stood the rough usage better than the all-steel wheels usually fitted on these cars.

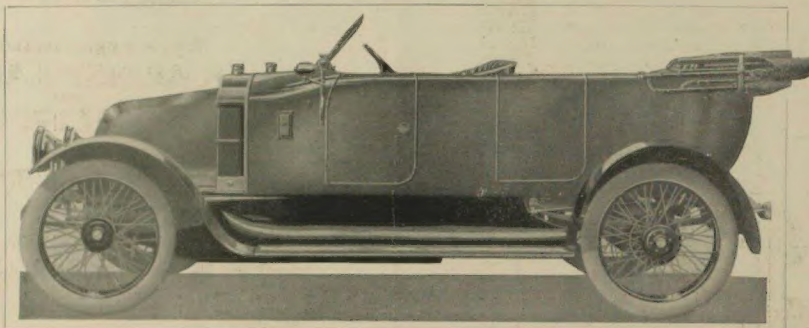


ON A 12-14-H.P. CHASSIS: ONE OF THE LATEST TYPES OF ENCLOSED MOTOR-VEHICLES MADE BY THE AUSTIN MOTOR COMPANY.

Three-Decker War-Planes.

I should imagine that Mr. Roe, who produced his three-decker aeroplane as his first effort in flying-machines at the second Blackpool aviation meeting, must be a proud man to-day, as the French builders are now doing likewise in producing the three-decker battle-ship of the air. Aeroplane construction is getting bigger and bigger each day the war continues. Machines are heavier, have a wider flying range and carrying capacity, and are getting faster and faster on the wing, so that the ultimate speed-limit looks to be nearer 200 miles per hour than two miles a minute, which was expected to be the outside pace. Of course, like our fleet at sea, the fleets in the air have to be of various sizes and powers, according to their work. Thus there are fast "destroyers," heavy "cruisers," and the "battle-ship" three-decker type, the former being so swift as to render them free from pursuit, while giving a wide radius for scouting, and the big biplanes, or "cruisers," which, while carrying heavy guns and bombs, are also very fast. The one thing, however, the war seems to have done is to favour the biplane type of construction more than the monoplane.

W. W.



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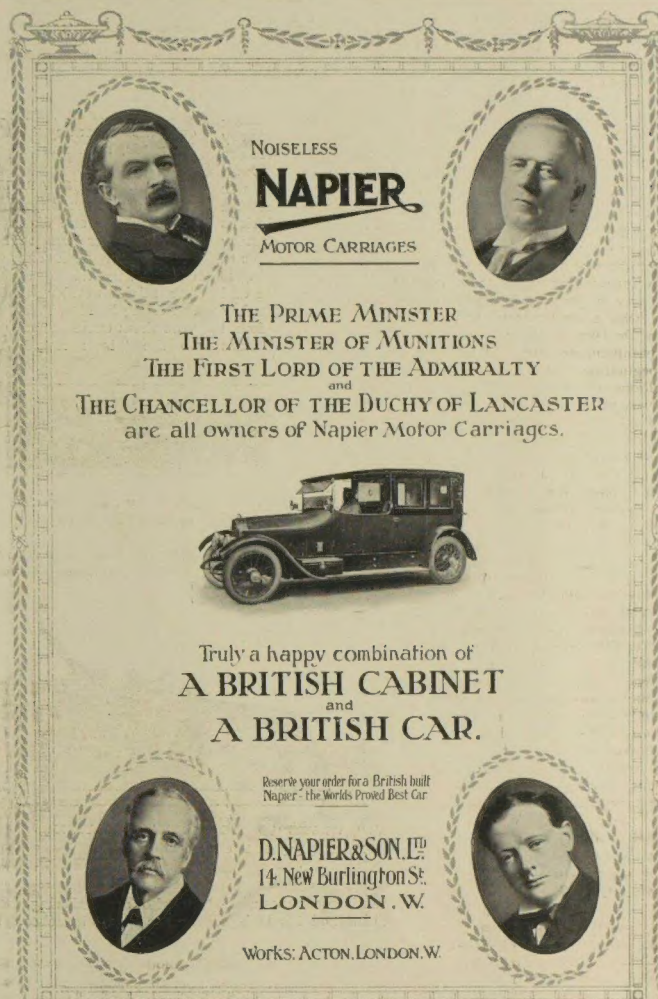
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"TINA." AT THE ADELPHI.

IF "Tina" has a fault, it is that of containing too many good things and running a trifle long. But that is a fault which musical-comedy lovers who like plenty for their money will easily condone, and the Adelphi management knows its business too well not to make the necessary "cuts" betimes, though it is difficult to see how these are to be effected without sacrificing what pleased the first-night audience. What pleased it most of all, however, was the dressing and scenery. The steps of the Duke's Venetian palace, with red sails in the distance, made a glorious picture; and the hints at the crinoline, tinted with pretty harmonies of colour, almost reconciled us to possibilities of the future. The story to which so romantic a setting is given gets rather smothered up amid song and dance and episodes of fun, but who minds that in musical comedy? It is enough that appropriately sentimental parts are found for Mr. Godfrey Tearle as a bankrupt Duke, and Miss

of the old Dutchman Mr. W. H. Berry has any number of amusing things to do and say, and that incidentally those dancing specialists Oyra and Dorma Leigh foot it with enormous vivacity, and that Miss Mabel Sealby has one or two dainty dances and a share in a delightful duet. To mention favourite numbers would be to mention nearly all out of twenty-five, but it is, perhaps, worth while singling out the operatic "Chéri" with which Miss Yvonne Reynolds, an American newcomer, won herself a hearty welcome.

"LOOKING AROUND," AT THE GARRICK.

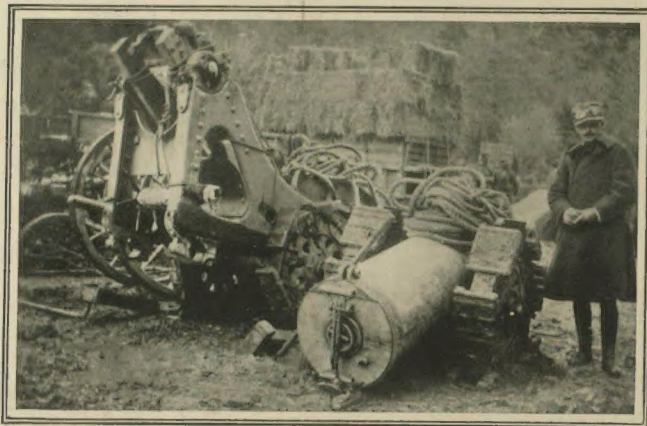
All revues are much of a muchness, but the Garrick revue has certainly one distinguishing feature. No piece of its type has ever presented us with so beautiful a "beauty chorus" or with one so beautifully gowned. And if, coming in suddenly upon it some little time under way, you might wonder what Miss Tango and Miss Ragtime are doing in Miss French Revue's society, you would soon vote them excellent company and settle down comfortably to the "look round" London at which they assist.

Especially when you found that French Revue is Mlle. Polaire, with the quaintest Franco-British speeches and the neatest of Grand Guignol imitations; that Tango is demure Beth Tate, with dances appropriate to her name; and that the Ragtime of Miss Laura Guerite has all the élan of the maddest ragtime. But, in addition, there is that most popular of revue actors, Mr. Jack Norworth, who is part-author of the entertainment as it happens, and has got a song about "Michael Cassidy, V.C." that would make a success of almost any show; and there is a potted version of "Kick In" which would have done no discredit to the late chief of the Follies. So that the Garrick, you will gather, is in good hands.

Bath, the city of Bladud and Beau Nash, is proving of great value to soldiers back from the war, whose limbs have been stiffened by wounds or who are suffering from acute rheumatism due to exposure in the trenches. Many have already been treated with success by the mineral-water cure, and the Government

are building a hospital for 500 patients, in addition to the present mineral-water and Red Cross Hospital. The Mayor has just formally reopened the famous Pump Room, which has been re-modelled and re-decorated.

Mr. Frederick Villiers, the distinguished War-Artist of *The Illustrated London News*, has been giving some



FITTED WITH SMALL "CATERPILLAR" WHEELS TO FACILITATE MAN-HAULING BY ROPES: AN ITALIAN 305 MM. GUN.

Photograph by Brocherel.

Phyllis Dare as the heiress of the Dutch cocoa-manufacturer who has bought the palace and obtained the Duke's consent to marry at his will. It is enough that in the rôle

of the old Dutchman Mr. W. H. Berry has any number of amusing things to do and say, and that incidentally those dancing specialists Oyra and Dorma Leigh foot it with enormous vivacity, and that Miss Mabel Sealby has one or two dainty dances and a share in a delightful duet. To mention favourite numbers would be to mention nearly all out of twenty-five, but it is, perhaps, worth while singling out the operatic "Chéri" with which Miss Yvonne Reynolds, an American newcomer, won herself a hearty welcome.



A CLOCK THAT CONTINUED TO GO FOR THREE HOURS AFTER IT FELL WITH THE TOWER CONTAINING IT: THE CLOCK OF A DESTROYED CAMPANILE AT MONFALCONE.

Photograph by Brocherel.

admirable War-Lectures in Paris, illustrated by a number of his brilliant drawings, made while he was "With Joffre and French at the Front." We need hardly tell our readers that no war-artist living has a longer or finer record than Mr. Villiers, and he has also what Pepys would have called "a mighty pretty wit," so that he wisely relieved the graver side of his subject by stories and comments which set the whole audience laughing—an achievement indeed, and a very welcome one, in these days of all-pervading anxiety. That the pictures were vivid and faithful to a button we need hardly assure the readers of *The Illustrated London News*, who have been familiar with the work of Mr. Villiers for many years. Mr. Villiers is now lecturing in this country for a short time, and his lectures are certainly things to hear.

URODONAL and GOUT

What is Gout?

Gout, in common with Rheumatism (with which it must nevertheless not be confused), is the result of the Arthritic Diathesis. Gout and Rheumatism are, as it were, two branches issuing from one and the same tree. Gout is, in a word, a form of uricemia, or poisoning of the blood by uric acid and urates, seeing that the arthritic diathesis is inseparable from uricemia, so that when we talk about gout we thereby infer excess of uric acid, although the latter condition does not necessarily mean that the former is also present. Thus, every sufferer from uricemia is not gouty, but, on the other hand, all gouty persons are uricemic. "No uric acid, no gout," is the dictum of one of our eminent London Physicians—a statement which has not been contradicted by any physiologist or clinician.

But what chiefly concerns the gouty individual is to know that he is manufacturing too much uric acid; that is, more than his system can cope with, which is the cause of all his sufferings. Once he has become acquainted with this fact, it only remains for him to take steps to remedy the condition.

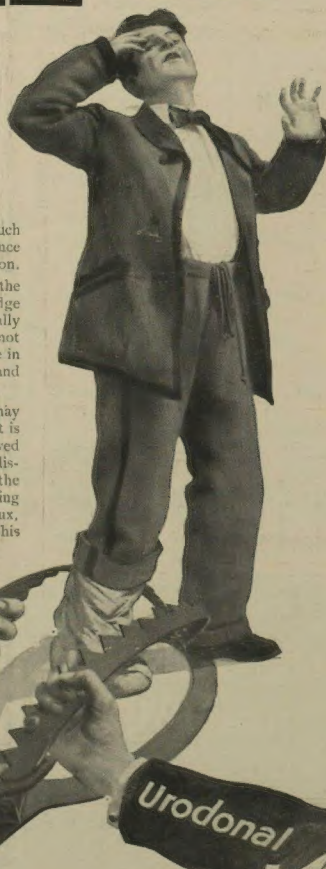
The first thing to do is to check the over-production of this poison by following out the empiric rules that have been established from times immemorial as a result of knowledge acquired through experience. The gouty subject must diet himself, avoid all excess, especially surfeit of table dainties, such as truffles, game, heavy wines, or champagne. He must not "wrap himself up in cotton wool," but, on the contrary, he should live as much as possible in the open air, although he must also avoid chills. He should go in for plenty of exercise and live a healthy life.

Nevertheless, all these precautionary measures may not be sufficient, so that there may even then be an excess of uric acid which he will have to take steps to get rid of as fast as it is being formed. Uric acid is, however, of its nature insoluble, and must, therefore, be dissolved before it can be eliminated. This explains the time-honoured vogue of using lithia, whose dissolving properties are so well known. This custom would still hold good were it not for the fact that lithia has been completely put in the shade by a new remedy, whose superiority having been recognised by countless numbers of physicians (including the late Prof. Lancereaux, formerly President of the French Medical Academy, who recommended it emphatically in his "Treatise on Gout"), officially brought to the notice of the Académie de Médecine (Paris), November 10th, 1908, and the Académie des Sciences (Paris), December 14th, 1908, and proved by thousands of cures, is now beyond question.

I refer to URODONAL, which is 37 times more powerful than lithia, and, moreover, absolutely harmless, in the sense that, contrary to so many other similar remedies, its prolonged use is not productive of injurious results to either the kidneys, stomach, heart, or brain, even when taken in large doses, and is even beneficial to these organs.

Gouty individuals are thus cautioned, and will do well to avail themselves of the benefits conferred by URODONAL, even before their system has become supersaturated with uric acid, for "Prevention is always better than Cure."

DR. DAURIAN, of the Paris Faculty.



URODONAL

THE MARTYR
OF GOUT.

URODONAL

URODONAL DISSOLVES URIC ACID

RHEUMATISM.
GOUT.
GRAVEL.
CALCULI.
NEURALGIA.
MIGRAINE.
SCIATICA.
ARTERIO-SCLEROSIS.
OBESITY.
ACIDITY.

URODONAL

cleanses the Kidneys, Liver, and Joints.
It maintains the flexibility of the arteries
and prevents Obesity.

URODONAL

is to Rheumatism and Gout what
Quinine is to Fever.

Communication to the Academy of Medicine (Paris) (Nov. 10, 1908).
Communication to the Academy of Sciences (Dec. 14, 1908).

URODONAL.—Prepared by J. L. Chatelain, Pharm. Chemist, Paris. From all chemists, price 7s., or direct, post free from the Sole British and Colonial Agents, *Reppells* Pharmacists and Foreign Chemists, 154, Piccadilly, London, W., from whom can be had, post free, a full explanatory booklet on Urodonal, giving doctors' opinions and interesting Points on How to Maintain Health, and *Lancet* Report.

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